

The Sketch

No. 808.—Vol. LXIII.

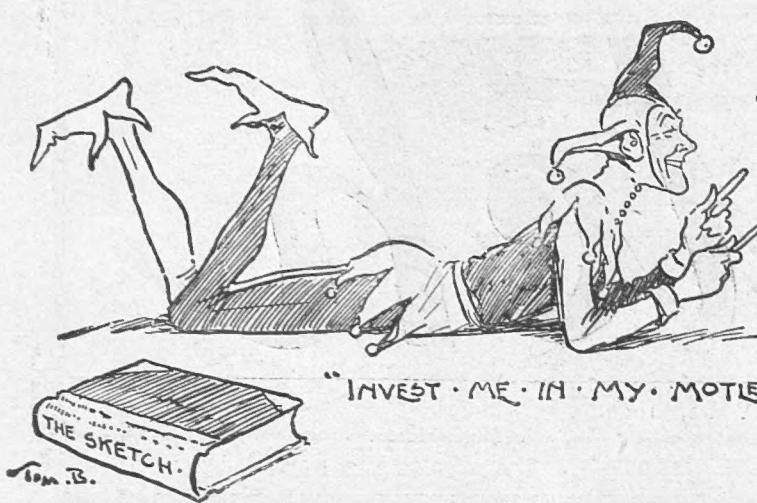
WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



OH, DEM GOLDEN STOCKINGS! THE CREAM-AND-GOLD CONTINGENT OF SUPERB DANISH GIRLS
JUMPING AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

The sensation of the Olympic Games has been the magnificent team of Danish girl athletes, whose glorious figures arrayed in their cream gymnastic dresses with gold stockings make the most striking and beautiful spectacle in the Stadium. Their physical perfection and accomplishment is one of the wonders of the hour.—[Photographs by Topical.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



Within the Sacred Kingdom.

Now am I in Man. I journeyed to the island in company with a distinguished journalist athirst for copy. I warned him that there could be little or nothing new to be written of Man. I reminded him that the Lord of Man (and the Lyceum) had been wringing pathos and tragedy from every stick and stone ever since one could remember. For myself, I said, I was merely on holiday. Professionally speaking, I hoped nothing from Man. Yet, if you can believe it, I have been able to glean where the Lord of Man has reaped. The few wisps that he has left may not form, in all, one sheaf; none the less, permit me to proffer you, friend the reader, my paltry handful. First, then, with regard to the Lord of Man himself. I have seen Greeba Castle. You may be surprised to hear that it frowns not. The Castle is a pleasant summer residence, situated on the main road from Douglas to Peel. The driver of my fly pointed it out with his whip. He pointed out, moreover, a neat little erection that reminded me of Robinson Crusoe's hut. This, he told me, was the Lord of Man's motor-shed. Then I was shown the Lord of Man's study. The study stands on the hillside, about a hundred yards from the road. It is painted white, and all the cabbies point to it with their whips. The day was Sunday. "This," whispered the cabman, "is his visiting day." I longed to pay homage, yet dared not.

Sabbatarian Man.

The day, I repeat, was Sunday. When you have spent a Sunday in the Isle of Man, you will never again speak disrespectfully of the English Sabbath. The Isle of Man is the most Sabbatarian place in the United Kingdom. People in England are inclined to think themselves hardly dealt with in the matter of the Sunday licensing restrictions. They grumble because there are prohibited hours, and, during those hours, they must walk or ride three miles to obtain alcoholic refreshment. In Man, let me tell you, all the hours of Sunday are prohibited hours. Nor is that all. The three miles of qualification become four miles in Man. Nor is that all. When you have done your four miles, you are not even then entitled to a drink unless you can prove to the satisfaction of the local police that you are in very truth a traveller. A pleasant walk does not make you a traveller. Exercising the dog does not make you a traveller. A kind inquiry after Smith's Missis does not make you a traveller. See to it that you can show a definite and an all-compelling object in your journey, or you may find yourself in the awkward corner where no man would be if he could help it. Nor is that all. In Man, there are certain hostleries in which you may not be served with alcoholic refreshment on a Sunday, though you carry in your pocket a return ticket to the Moon.

Man Made for the Sabbath.

All Biblical teaching notwithstanding, you see, to say nothing of the Lord of Man's novels and plays, Man was made for the Sabbath and not the Sabbath for Man. Which things I learned from my cabman, an intelligent fellow who suffered tribulation out of the ordinary before he mastered the Sabbatarianism of Man. In Man, he told me, you must not allow your horse to trot past a place of worship whilst a service is proceeding. Your wheels may be rubber-tyred, your horse's feet may be muffled, but the police will have you the very moment the animal shows signs of jogging. On one occasion my friend shared the fate of John Gilpin. The snorting beast began to trot, which landed the unfortunate driver in the police court. Luckily, most of the cabhorses are old enough to know and appreciate the rule. On weekdays they pass a church at a canter. On Sundays all the fire goes out of them long, long before the pleasant hum of the organ smites their ears. The cabhorses

in Man are almost as strict Sabbatarians as the Councillors. And the Councillors are teetotalers to a man. Should they become connected, in the remotest degree, with the liquor traffic they forfeit their seat on the Council. All of which, as the cabman said, is very nice when you understand it, but very awkward when you don't.

The Cabman's Secret Sorrow.

For instance, within a few miles of Douglas there is a certain village famed the world over for its beauty. Here, too, there is an inn. 'Tis an idyllic inn, rosied and honeysuckled—but it is not licensed to sell alcoholic refreshment on a Sunday. Unfermented goods, yes; fermented goods, NO. Now, it happens, time and again, that my friend is instructed to drive a party of gentlemen, on a Sunday, to this beautiful little village. In a twinkling, he is impaled on the horns of a dilemma. "You see, Sir, whichever way it goes, I'm in the wrong. If I was to turn to 'em and say, 'You won't get no drink there, savin', maybe, a glass of lemonade,' they might turn round and arst me what I meant by presuming as they wanted any drink! On the other 'and, if I don't warn 'em as they'll get no drink there, chances are they'll round on me just the same and want to know what I mean by fetchin' 'em to a place like that!" I was heartily sorry for the poor fellow. As I scanned his face, browned by sun and wind, yet lined by care, I knew that this one restriction had embittered his life. Sunday had become a nightmare to him. I could imagine how that he would lie awake all Saturday night, wondering and wondering whether any stray visitor would be for driving to the idyllic village with a six-day license. Let the Lord of Man write a heartrending scene round that!

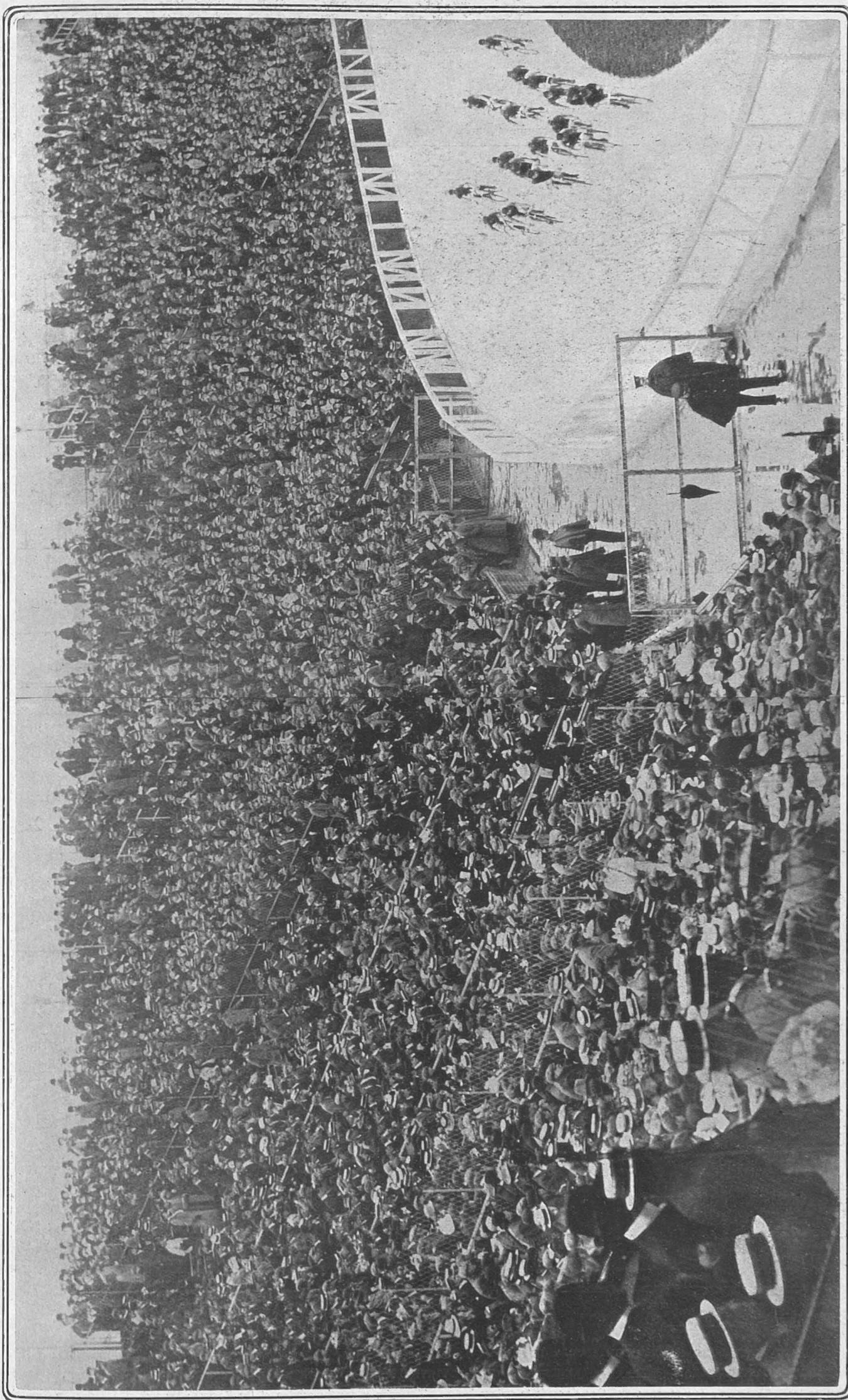
Buying a Dog—New Version.

The same cabman told me of an innkeeper, friend of his, who made five hundred pounds out of a mongrel terrier. This astute fellow kept a house just four miles from Douglas. The terrier was for sale, and it was astonishing to note the number of bona-fide travellers who set out from Douglas every Sunday morning, walking four abreast, to see if they could not do a deal with the innkeeper for that mongrel. The little bar-parlour was crowded to suffocation, and the terrier sat on the counter, close to the beer-pull. The visitors would pat and caress the dog in turn, and, naturally, finding themselves close to the beer-pull, they would order a glass of beer between the bids. Bidding was not always very brisk, but, should the local constable chance to pop his head round the door, the eagerness on the part of every man present to secure the little dog was touching in the extreme. The innkeeper was willing to part with the animal—always had been; but the price was very high. This went on for nearly three years, and then, I understand, the authorities hinted that the time had now arrived when the innkeeper should accept the best offer for the dog and let him go. Sighing, he did so, and the Sunday trade might have been ruined had he not swiftly possessed himself of a very saleable parrot.

The Cellarman's Tribute.

My Notes this week deal so extensively with the subject of drink that I may as well conclude with a tiny anecdote of a romantic cellarman. This cellarman's cellars are the finest on the island. They lie beneath an hotel that was once the residence of a duke famous in history. I had the good fortune to be taken over the cellars, and was duly impressed by their gloomy spaciousness. But the thing that interested me most in connection with the visit was a tiny portrait of Sir Henry Irving perched in a place of honour on the top of a huge cask. The cellarman was young, and had a poetic eye. As a boy, he told me, he had seen Irving play in Douglas. The little portrait on the cask in the dark corner was his simple tribute.

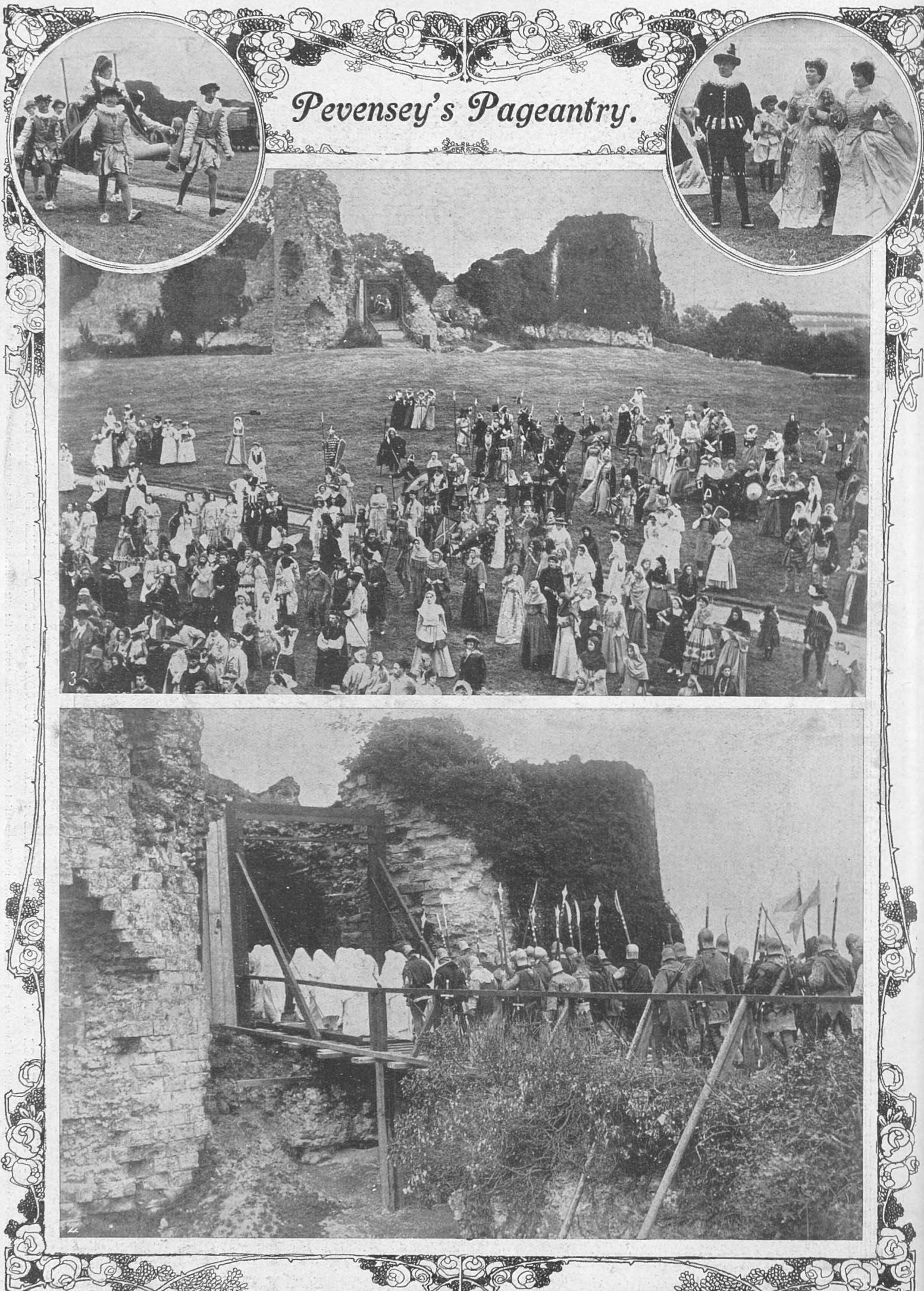
FIFTY THOUSAND SURPRISES IN THE STADIUM: A CROWD AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT LAST.



THE FIRST BIG AUDIENCE AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES: LAST SATURDAY'S CROWD — THE 100 KILOMETRES CYCLE RACE IN PROGRESS.

There is no need for us to emphasise the fact that until last Saturday the much-discussed Olympic Games failed to attract the expected crowds; the attendance, indeed, was meagre in the extreme, and thousands of seats were unfilled each day. On Saturday last there came a change for the better, and some 50,000 people turned up to witness a number of exciting finals, to the joy—and surprise—of the officials. As most of our readers must know, prices of admission have now been lowered, and this, too, is likely to make all the difference to the "gate." —[Photograph by Haffenre.]

Pevensey's Pageantry.



1. LADY KATHERINE HARRINGDON HAS A LIFT!

3. THE LAST TABLEAU.

2. A CHANGE FROM THE DIRECTOIRE!

4. MONKS AND NUNS CARRYING THE BODY OF JOHN HALANAKER INTO THE CASTLE.

Pevensey Pageant begins with a symbolical prologue, and then descends to serious history. The episodes are the coming of the Romans; the sack of Anderida by *Ælla*; the coming of Christianity; the landing of William the Conqueror, Bishop Odo besieged in Pevensey Castle; the defence of Pevensey Castle by Lady Joan Pelham; Merry Andrew Borte at Pevensey; Pevensey prepares to resist the Spanish Armada. The last episode is a tale of smuggling days, and then follow a dance and the concluding procession.

Photographs by the *Sport and General*.

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SMALL TALK



CAPTAIN GILLIAT,
ENGAGED TO
MISS GRINNELL MILNE.
Photograph by Vandyk.

The Crown Princess of Greece seems to have inherited the late Empress' enthusiastic interest in nursing, and she always spends a good deal of her time when in this country in making herself acquainted with any improvement and new invention dealing with the alleviation of pain.

An Early August Wedding. Comparatively few weddings take place in August, but the day after Bank Holiday will see a pretty bridal, the bride being Miss Grinnell Milne and the bridegroom Captain Gilliat, who distinguished himself during the South African War, and is now an officer in the Herts Yeomanry. Mrs. Gilliat will be an agreeable addition to that select hunting society which hunts with the Pytchley, for Captain Gilliat has been for some time a popular rider to hounds in that most famous sporting stretch of country.

A Naval Colonial Engagement. A marriage which should tend to draw closer the Mother Country and one of the most important of her colonies will take place at the end of this month, when Commander Montague William Consett, R.N., the younger son of Mr. W. W. P. Consett, of Braweth Hall, Yorkshire, will lead to the altar Miss Ethel Maud Wilson, the third daughter of the late Hon. W.

Wilson, M.L.C. Victoria, of Goonambil, Melbourne, Australia.

A Sussex Engagement. The marriage of even an ex-M.P.'s

daughter is generally the occasion for the interchange of pleasant local social amenities among the members of the two great opposite camps, and that of Miss Edith Vera Lindsay Hogg, daughter of the late Member for the Eastbourne and Southern division of Sussex, is sure to prove no exception to the rule. The bride and her family are very popular in the neighbourhood of Rothfield, where Sir Lindsay has a beautiful property, and the news of the engagement has



MISS VERA LINDSAY HOGG, ENGAGED TO
MR. FANE GLADWYN.
Photograph by C. Hogg.



MISS
GRINNELL
MILNE,
ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN GILLIAT.
Photograph by Vandyk.

aroused much enthusiasm. The bridegroom, Mr. Launcelet Fane Gladwyn, is the eldest son of a Gloucestershire squire.

The New Minister to Persia. Mr. George Head Barclay (who has done admirable work as Councillor of Embassy at Constantinople, and has, since the lamented death of Sir Nicholas O'Conor, enjoyed the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary) has, it is understood, been appointed Minister to Persia. At the present juncture in particular this is no bed of roses; in fact, it is a position of responsibility which would be likely to test the ablest diplomatist. Mr. Barclay

comes of the famous banking family, and, like his elder brother, who is a director of the bank, he was educated at Eton, and at Trinity, Cambridge. Indeed, he has banking in his blood on both sides, for his mother was Richenda, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Gurney. Early in his diplomatic career Mr. Barclay spent some pleasant years at Washington, and there, doubtless, he met the charming lady whom he married—namely, Miss Beatrix Chapman, the daughter of a well-known New York citizen. At Constantinople Mr. Barclay has been receiving £1000 a year, but now it will be improved into £4500.

MISS WILSON, TO BE MARRIED
TO COMMANDER CONSETT, R.N.
Photographs by Lafayette.

COMMANDER CONSETT, R.N., TO
BE MARRIED TO MISS WILSON.

But he doth hedge a king does not safeguard the Prince of Wales from diverting mishaps on his

be "copy" enough for the journalists in Canada who look out for the little untoward events of the visit. The *Ophir* came home packed with

memorials of the great tour which their Royal Highnesses made—mementoes which could be freely placed on exhibition for the entertainment of all and sundry. But it is understood that the Prince treasures for his private friends one or two things which the public does not see. A priceless pearl of the collection is a cutting from the chief paper of Wellington. It was there that his Royal Highness had promised to lay a foundation-stone, and dine in the evening with the Governor. A compositor came up smiling. He printed the announcement that, following the public ceremony, the Prince of Wales, at seven o'clock in the evening, would lay the table at Government House!



MR. FANE GLADWYN, ENGAGED TO
MISS VERA LINDSAY HOGG.
Photograph by Vandyk.



THE OLYMPIC SPORTS—THE GAMES AND RELIGION—THE MARATHON RACE.

IN the days when the Olympic Games were held in the Altis at Elis, I wonder whether the spectators were ever ill-natured enough

to grumble that their view was obscured by the temple of Zeus, which occupied the centre of the enclosures. I fear that if a cathedral were to be erected in the centre of the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush, the spectators in the most highly priced of the reserved seats would consider it a grievance that their view of part of the running-track was obscured. I am rather surprised that no attempt has been made by our Churchmen this year to revive the connection which there was between the Olympic Games and religion in the days of old Greece. Hermes and Zeus both had their temples in the Altis, and the religious procession to worship at the shrine of the great god whose statue was carved in gold and ivory by Phidias was part of the official programme. The oath which the competitors took before another altar of Zeus was also a matter of great solemnity—a very different matter from the undertaking of to-day, which an entry signifies, to abide by all rules and bye-laws, and to consider the decisions of the committee as final.

should win, and the crowd is a crowd of partisans. Not that the 'Varsity sports are not well worth watching for the quality of the sport, for

they are. The quality of the Olympic sports is, however, better, and yet, though the finest foot-racing, bicycling, and swimming in the world are to be seen at Shepherd's Bush, not enough feeling of partisanship has been excited to fill the seats round the arena with spectators.

When the Marathon race is run I have no doubt that not a seat in the Stadium will be obtainable for late comers, for the picturesqueness of the contest has taken hold of the imagination of the unimaginative Britons. The story of that Grecian herald running those burning twenty-six miles from Marathon to Athens to bring the news of the great victory of Miltiades over the Persians is one which every child at school knows, and the race as we shall see it run on Friday is a test of endurance so severe that it becomes sensational. I wonder, however, how many people per thousand of the myriads who now talk glibly of Miltiades and Marathon remember how Miltiades died. He had been unsuccessful in an

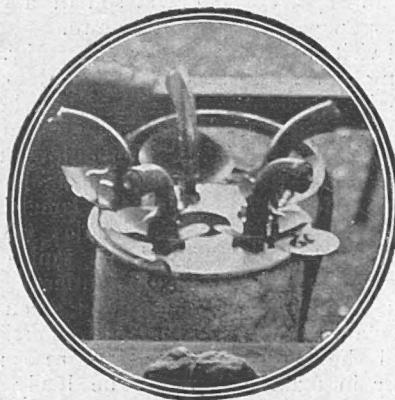
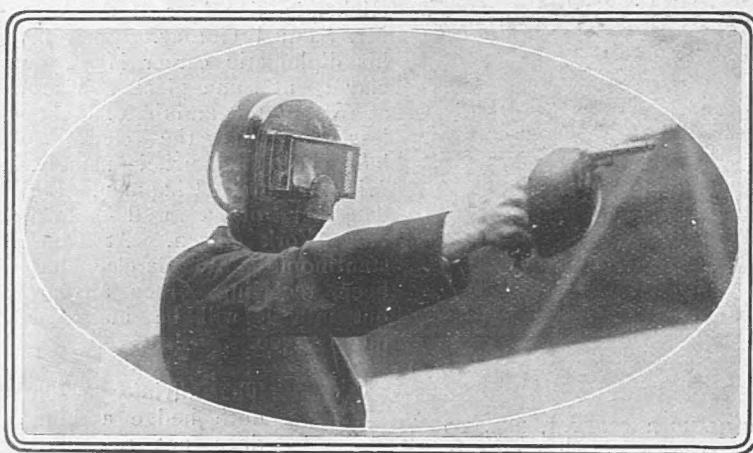


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.
IN CASE THE WAX BULLETS
SHOULD MELT IN THE BARREL:
COOLING THE REVOLVERS FOR THE
BLOODLESS DUELS AT THE OLYMPIC
GAMES.



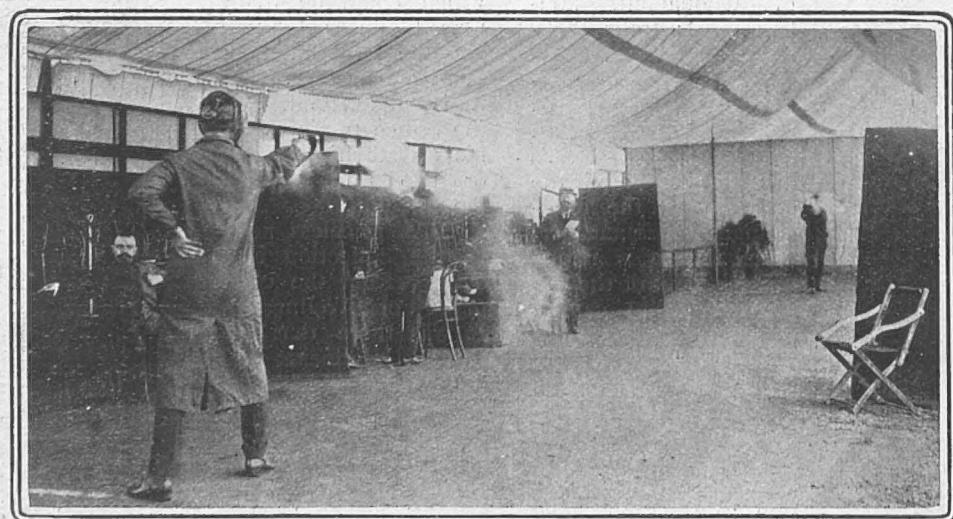
A DUELLIST PROTECTED AGAINST WAX BULLETS: LEBOUTELLIER, WINNER
OF THE INTERNATIONAL REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.



J. RODOCONACHI (FRANCE) WINNING THE INTERNATIONAL PISTOL
CHAMPIONSHIP.

ALMOST AS HARMLESS AS DUELS IN FRANCE: WAX BULLETS IN MIMIC COMBATS AT OLYMPIA.

One of the most curious contests at the Olympic Games is the duelling with wax bullets. The combatants are as elaborately protected as a German student duellist, and even the revolver has a large hand-guard. The helmet has a plate-glass window.



WAX FOR LEAD: BLOODLESS DUELLING AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

Photo. Topical.

Oxford and Cambridge sports at Queen's Club draw a great crowd, but everybody in that crowd has, or has had, a relative at one of the two great Universities; every man who comes from the towns on the Cam or the Isis is fiercely anxious that his 'Varsity

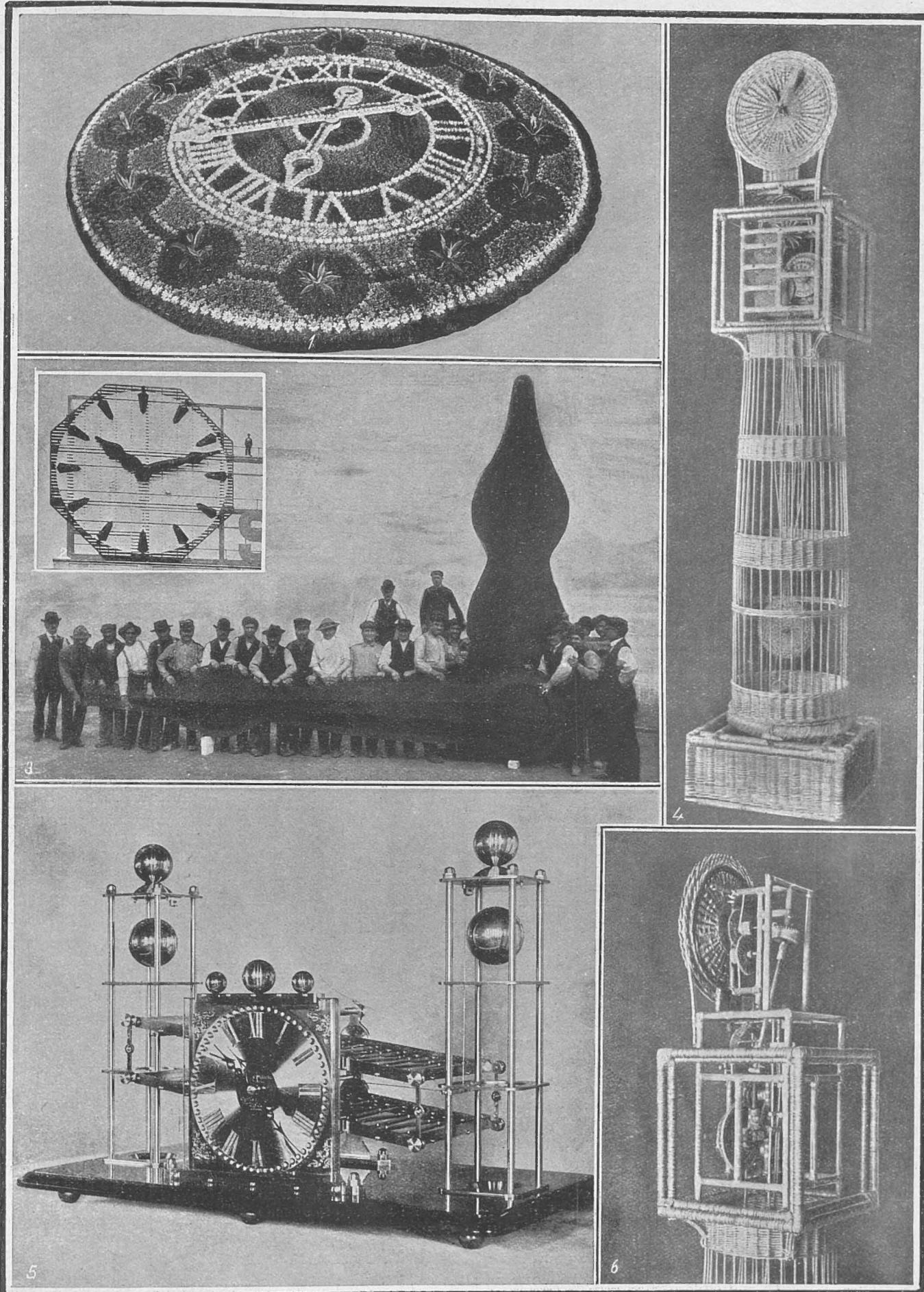
be quite logical they should now be imploring us to beat bicycling records on the village high road, to practise the long jump on our own lawns, and to run Marathon races to the nearest post town instead of flocking to Shepherd's Bush to see other people do these things

I hope that before these lines are in print the great British public will have found its way in tens of thousands to the Stadium. During the first few days of the games not a tenth of the crowd that was expected put in an appearance. The explanation of this is, I think, that foot-racing and swimming and bicycling are not spectacular sports, and that the patriotism of the nation has not been deeply stirred: that there is not a great longing that Britain should win more events than America. The

attack on the island of Paros, and had been wounded in the fighting. He was impeached for his failure, and was condemned to pay a fine which was beyond his means to raise. He was thrown into prison and died of his wound.

I am rather amused to read the reproaches of some of the men who lecture us for going to see football matches instead of playing them, but who are now angry with us for not going in tens of thousands to see the races for the championships of the world. To

“OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!” CURIOUS CLOCKS.



1. CLOCK-HANDS AS A GARDEN IN A GARDEN CLOCK.

The clock is in the garden of the Royal Princes' Parade, Bridlington. The figures are in flower, and the hands are two zinc trays filled with soil and planted with flowers. The hours, half-hours, and quarters are called by a cuckoo mechanism.

Photograph by F. Thresh.

2. THE DIAL OF THE BIGGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD.

The clock of a soap and perfume company in Jersey City is twice as large as any clock in the world. The diameter of the dial is 38 feet. The weight is six tons. The minute-hand, 20 feet long, weighs the third of a ton; its point travels twenty-two inches every minute, or half a mile per day. The diameter of Big Ben is only 22½ feet. [Photographs by W. R. Harrison.]

4 and 6. A GOOD TIMEKEEPER MADE ENTIRELY OF BASKET-WORK. The clock is made entirely of wickerwork and poplar-trees. No metal was used in its construction by Tiburzi, of Fabriano, Italy.

3. STANDING ROOM FOR 23 MEN ON THE GIANT HANDS OF THE BIGGEST CLOCK.

5. A CLOCK WITHOUT CLOCKWORK: ROLLING BALLS TELL THE TIME.

A unique clock, devoid of any clockwork proper, has been designed by an American watchmaker, Mr. C. H. Bridgen, of Los Angeles. In fact, the only wheel of this clock is a perforated disc. Both the pendulum and clockwork are replaced by a steel ball, about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, rolling over two inclined planes. This traverses the two planes in a zigzag line, in exactly one minute, and on leaving the lower plane falls into the opening of the perforated disc, which at that moment is just below, thus disengaging the disc, which is kept permanently under tension by two ball weights fixed at the top of the side towers. As the disc carries on one side thirty balls, it, on being disengaged by the impact of the rolling ball, moves on through one aperture, corresponding to one minute. By this motion it raises the uppermost ball into the elevated position, from which it can roll down the upper plate in exactly the same way as the preceding ball, in order then to traverse the two inclined planes in a zigzag line. Each ball is thus disengaged, and worked once in every half-hour.

Photograph by Dr. Alfred Gradenwitz.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E.F.S. (Monocle).

"TRIXIE"—"PINAFORE."

THERE were plenty of well-wishers at the Scala Theatre when three performances were given of "Trixie," the new play by "John Strange Winter." Everybody hoped that the piece would enjoy a success such as that of "Bootle's Baby" in 1888 at the Globe Theatre. The audience at Dr. Distin Maddick's beautiful theatre seemed to like the play very much, and this, of course, is a favourable token. "Trixie" does not belong to the debatable class of ultra-modern comedy. Indeed, the dramatist does not pretend to appeal to the enthusiastic people who crave for intellectual drama or a theatre of ideas. In fact, it is a work written according to a decidedly popular, conventional formula concerning the virtuous machinations of a music-hall star to coerce a Bishop into permitting his pretty daughter to marry the gallant young officer whom she loves and escape a hateful union with the wicked Lord St. Barbe. Starting with such a foundation, only a person of formidable genius could succeed in producing a play likely to make the public gape with surprise. However, "Trixie" shows the practised hand and the gifts that have enabled Mrs. Stannard to become one of the favourite writers of our time; and she has written some capital acting parts which were very well handled. For instance, there was the Bishop, excellently rendered Mr. Fred Lewis. He contrived to seem sufficiently worldly and selfish for the house to be delighted when he fell into the toils of Miss Trixie, music-hall artist, who set her cap at him—of course she did not wear one—in order to blackmail him in a good cause. And Trixie was quite excellently represented by Miss Gladys Mason.

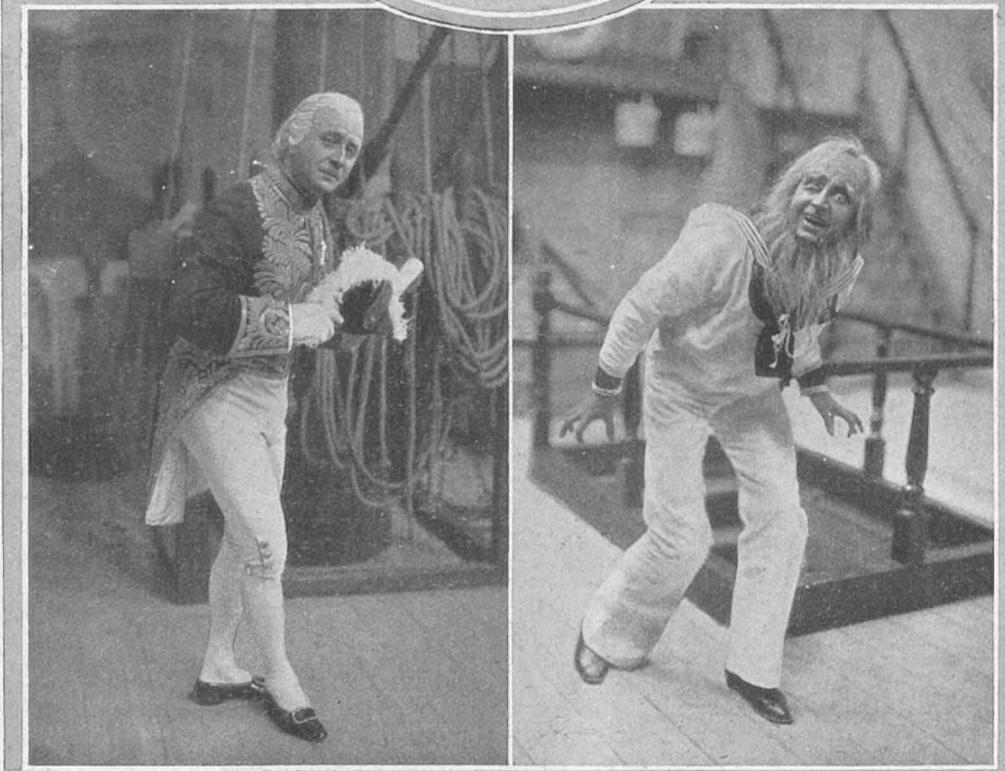
In my by no means humble opinion "Pinafore" will prove the most enduring of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It cannot be denied that both author and composer did work subsequently which in some respects showed real development. One may even admit that here and there the music of the 1888 piece is a little bald and clumsy in treatment, and that there are one or two jokes which the more fastidious Gilbert of a later period would have rejected. On the other hand, there is a broad humour in the work of both which they never surpassed. The other night, when hearing the work for about the tenth time, I found it quite enjoyable. In "Pinafore" one notices a broad, rather cruel, fun, not at the expense of mere ephemeral matters, but far more firmly based. There is clever burlesque of the whole mass of nautical melodrama, there is shrewd satire upon our Parliamentary

system, which makes certain offices mere sport of politics; and also one finds a delightful mockery at the Chauvinistic spirit.

Perhaps we shall never have another piece like "Pinafore." Gilbert and his brilliant collaborator seem, almost cruelly, to have occupied the whole territory of satirical comic opera. Their Opera Comique and Savoy pieces have enriched the language with many phrases that have stood the test of time, a real test, for "Pinafore" is thirty years old, and I think vainly of the hundreds of other musico-dramatic works during my time, without being able to recollect a phrase or joke that has succeeded in holding the public for long after the first run of the piece. So little has "Pinafore" to do with temporary matters that if it could be produced to-morrow as a brand-new work not a line need be altered—it would seem quite "up to date." The respect of the audience on the first night for "the classic" was shown curiously. The one interpolated line was Captain Corcoran's remark that, fortunately, he was on speaking terms with the First Lord of the Admiralty—it was neatly introduced, and so exactly topical that under any other circumstances there would have been a shout of applause. At the Savoy there were groans, and someone called out, "Keep to the book," a remark that was applauded.

What a welcome there was for Mr. Rutland Barrington when he appeared as Captain Corcoran! Have the thirty years which have passed since he first stepped upon the deck of "H.M.S. Pinafore" affected his work? Not at all. What, not at all? Well, hardly at all. The figure may have grown a little fuller, the dancing perhaps seems a trifle heavier, that is all. In other respects, the performance is as rich as ever in comic force. It makes one sad to think of the other old members of the ship's company. There was one newcomer who triumphed—Miss Elsie Spain, whose singing was quite charming, while her acting was satisfactory. Sir Joseph Porter used to show us Mr. George Grossmith at his best, and the new Sir Joseph—Mr. Workman—although a

THE ORIGINAL CAPTAIN OF THE "PINAFORE" AND THE NEW HEIRESS.
MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS CAPTAIN CORCORAN (HIS ORIGINAL PART), AND MISS JESSIE ROSE.



MR. WORKMAN AS JACKY FISHER—NO, WE MEAN
SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B.

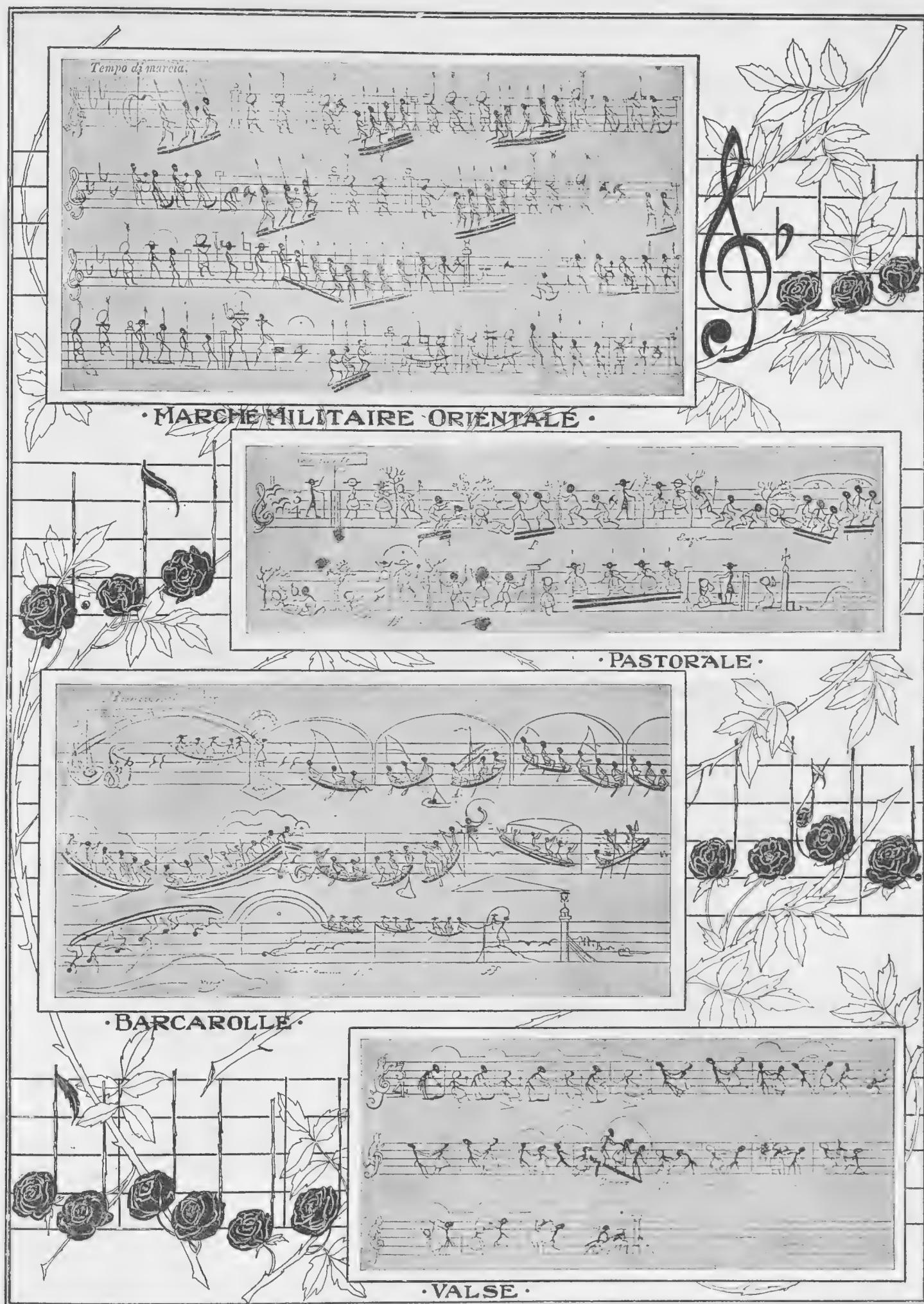
In the revival of "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the Savoy, Mr. Rutland Barrington is the only representative of the original company that played the piece for the first time at the Opera Comique on May 25, 1878. The rôle of the Lord of the Admiralty, who advises young men to "Stick close to your desks and never go to sea, And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navy," has supplied a topical gag of which the audience disapproved. The part is now played by Mr. Workman. The new Dick Deadeye is an unusual departure for Mr. Lytton; but he makes the most of rather a thankless part.

Photographs by Foulsham and Bansfield.

THE NEW DICK DEADEYE: MR. HENRY LYTTON
AS THE VILLAIN IN "H.M.S. PINAFORE"

more accomplished artist, seemed for once a little disappointing, but only a little. Mr. H. A. Lytton was as effective as is possible for the actor who presents Dick Deadeye. The acting of Miss Louie Rene, the new little Buttercup, is better than her singing. It can hardly be said that full justice was done to the pretty tenor music. And the reception? Prodigious.

THE LIVELY NOTE IN MUSIC.



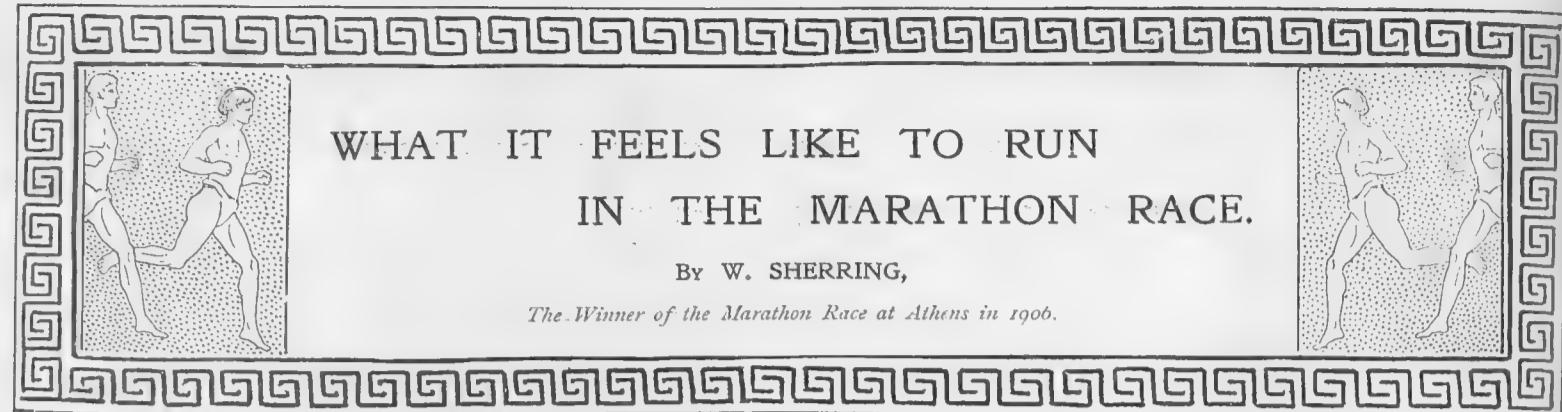
A HINT TO ABSTRUSE COMPOSERS: A CARICATURIST'S AID TO THE ORCHESTRA
IN UNDERSTANDING THEIR MUSIC.

This comic musical notation is the work of Jean Gerard, otherwise known as Grandville, the caricaturist (1803-1847). The photographs, of originals which probably no longer exist, were found in an amateur's album. Those who care to follow the notes will discover that they tell a story descriptive of the music: for example, in the Waltz there is a little idyll of the ball-room. The Oriental March explains itself, but the Barcarolle, perhaps, is not quite so obvious. Some negro fishermen are setting sail, and the wife of one of them entrusts her little boy to her husband. For a time the sea is calm, but at length the storm comes on, one of the boats is upset, and a sailor falls into the water. The remaining boats come safe to land, and the little boy is restored to his weeping mother. In the Pastorale, a country girl who wishes to leave her native village is warned by the parish priest. She goes away, nevertheless, and falls among thieves. The priest rescues her and brings her home. At the last note the contadina is thanking heaven for her escape. In the border, "The Sketch" has given the opening bars of the National Anthem in rose notes.

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO RUN IN THE MARATHON RACE.

By W. SHERRING,

The Winner of the Marathon Race at Athens in 1906.



A RACING-MAN is very much like a racehorse. That is true, at all events, at the starting-place, where the behaviour of the racehorse is repeated by the man. When I won the Marathon, in Greece, two years ago, there were fifty-eight starters, and the average generally ranges between sixty and seventy. When the men have assembled at the starting-point, the officials begin to instruct them with regard to the different rules and regulations which govern the race. This takes quite a long time, and while it is going on there is a good deal of excitement among the competitors. This soon begins to affect one's nerves a little, and wears on one more and more as the time goes on. Part of this period I have always spent in picking out the men I think will be most dangerous to me. The starters are arrayed in rows, with about five yards' interval between each row, and it is essential to know where one has to look for danger. One's most dangerous opponents, for instance, may be behind one. If they are, I have always waited to let them come up. If they are in front, it is very much easier to keep one's eye on them. In the Marathon race my number was fifty-six, so that I started next but one to the last. Personally, I had sooner be in the back than in the front, for there is so much crowding and rushing at the start that it is quite on the cards that the man behind may jostle you, and even knock you over, or may tread on your foot and hurt your ankle badly. Besides noticing the position of the dangerous men, the interval enables you to size up their looks and to form some idea as to their fitness and compare it with your own.

As soon as all the men are lined up the starter gives the order "Get on your mark," for each man has his place assigned to him by lot, so that there can be no possible favouritism. Getting on the mark probably takes five minutes, for some men are slow, some want something they have forgotten, or think they ought to have, and this all adds to the excitement.

"Get set!" is the next command. A few of the runners always take it as if it were the start instead of waiting for the gun, and they have to go back. I remember quite well, when these false starts happened, that I got more and more impatient waiting for the gun to go.

The moment the gun fires everybody tears so as to get his position, and the first half-mile is generally run in less than 2 min. 30 sec. Of course that is not good time for half a mile, for good time would be about 2 min., but no runner could keep up that speed and run twenty-six miles after. That first half-mile is nothing but a scuffle. It is just a football match, and you have got to keep yourself from falling or being kicked. I am always nervous, but more nervous of getting hurt than of getting beaten.

When I am running the first five miles I think how fast I am going, and I look around at the men near me to see if the pace hurts them, or if they are too fresh. If the pace hurts them it may seem advisable to get a little lead on them, and I do so right then. If they are too fresh I know they are going to be bothersome, and I sprint to get up to them. At the first five-mile post the attendants on bicycles, who have not been allowed on the course, meet you. Mine always has a tin can, with a lot of cracked ice and some Turkish towels. As I run I take a towel, which is soaked in the melting ice, and rub it over my head. It answers the purpose of drinking, and refreshes me so greatly that I always carry one of these towels all the time, though I change it every few minutes.

It is at the first five-mile post that the race is really started, for

you know the men you have to beat, as they are in a bunch in the front. There is nothing much to talk about between the five-mile post and the fifteen-mile post. It is a steady grind all the time, but between the five and the ten mile posts I often find myself wondering whether I can keep up the clip at which I am running or whether I shall have to ease up. In Greece I "felt good" all the time, and only hung back because I wanted to. At the ten-mile post I passed the last man ahead. He was an Australian named George Blake, a very nice fellow, and he and I used to live in the same house. As I passed him, I said "Good-bye, George; I hope you will get second," a wish which was, unfortunately, not gratified, for the strain had already begun to tell on him. In passing him I noticed that the whites of his eyes were as red as tomatoes and that his tongue was swollen. It was then that I felt confident that I was going to win, for my exertions had not hurt me or weakened me in any way. Between ten and fifteen miles I went very fast. Once I looked behind me, and about half a mile off I saw a cloud of dust approaching. I put on a sprint and went faster and faster.

Still the cloud began to overtake me. Try as I did I could not keep away from it. After about three miles it caught me up. Then I found it was not one of the racers at all, but a trooper on horseback, whose duty it was to keep the road clear. When the trooper passed, I started to run a little easier, and began to eat two oranges, though I kept up running all the time. As I ran, too, I talked to my attendant. Of course, I need not say we did not discuss the weather or the scenery, or anything outside the race, for we were intent on the business in hand. Every now and then we would exchange a remark, or my attendant would say, "Do not run too fast," or "Can you keep the clip?" or "How are you feeling?" or something like that. So we went on, and I would answer him accordingly. At the nineteen-mile post we struck a hill a mile long. As we could not see anybody coming, I started to walk, and I walked about a hundred and fifty yards up the hill. During the last couple of miles, when I found no one was anywhere near me, the thought came to me, "I guess the people at home will be tickled to death when they know I have won."

During the last few miles the road was lined with soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder, while behind them the people were standing ten deep. Mingled with the "bravos" and the cheering, I heard every now and then an English voice cry, "Hurry up!" "Set the pace!" "Bravo, Canada!" Then a remarkable thing happened. The people behind threw flowers on the path. At first I thought it was rather funny, but I changed my opinion when, during the last couple of miles, I was running over flowers which in some places were a foot deep on the ground. They did not make me slip or interfere with my running, and I managed to beat every previous record in the race by doing the distance in 2 hours 51 min. When I was told what the performance was, and I heard the cheering my heart felt as big as a water-melon. As to how I felt when I had finished, and was proclaimed the winner of the greatest long-distance race a man can win, I cannot say. It is difficult to think when eighty thousand people are cheering for all they are worth, when the Crown Prince of the country is running round the Stadium with you, when you are taken up before the Queen to be presented with an enormous bouquet, and, on the King's behalf, with a little kid, the Grecian symbol of unweariness. All I can say is, that you feel it was worth working for.



SHERRING, THE WINNER OF THE RACE AT THE LAST OLYMPIC GAMES, WHO DESCRIBES THE SENSATION OF THE LONGEST RUN. Sherring, the Canadian, who won the Marathon race at Athens, is very busy coaching the other members of the Canadian team who are going to take part in this great race at the Olympic Games. Sherring is a very small man with tremendous staying power.—[Photograph by Halftones.]



THE WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS AT A GLANCE : A WONDERFUL IMAGINARY CITY OF WHITE CITIES.

This extraordinary picture presents a bird's-eye view of the great exhibitions that have been given in the last thirty years, their relative proportions being carefully observed. Here one may trace, right in the foreground, the Paris Exhibition of 1900. Just above it, in the centre, is the great exhibition held at St. Louis on a scale that rivalled the French capital's display. The Franco-British Exhibition of this year can be seen to the extreme right, and above, to left and right, we find the Paris Exhibitions of 1878 and 1889.



THE COUNTESS TORBY,
Who took part in the Duchess of Sutherland's
Bazaar and Fête at Trentham, July 15 to 18,
in aid of the Potteries Cripples' Guild.

Photograph by Gobelle.

to help her in her attempt to raise a large sum in aid of the Potteries Cripples' Guild. On Saturday, the heroine of the occasion was the Countess Torby, who, together with the Grand Duke Michael, performed the opening ceremony, which on previous days had been undertaken by the Crown Princess of Sweden and the Duchess of Portland. The Countess Torby takes a very keen interest in all the good works supported by her English friends, and she and the Grand Duke are munificent givers to those charities which have for object the helping of poor children.

A Ball Hostess of the Week. Mrs. Marshall Roberts, whose splendid ball last Monday (20th) was, perhaps, the most brilliant event of the waning season, deserves well of the débutante, for, though the hostess has only been married five years, she has already won an honoured place among ball-givers. *Née* Miss Irene Murray, she is a niece of Lord Dunleath, and her good-looking husband, though an American by birth, proved himself a popular member of the Scots Guards, his sobriquet being "Field-Marshal Roberts," or, more shortly, "Field." Mrs. Marshall Roberts is the fortunate owner of perhaps the finest ball-room in Mayfair. It is an immense room, built by Lord and Lady Aberdeen when they entertained the Liberal Party on so magnificent a scale in Grosvenor Square.

A Sussex Baronet's Engagement. Sir Merrik Burrell, of Knepp Castle, whose engagement to Miss Coralie Porter-Porter has been announced, is a well-known and popular figure in Sussex society.



MISS PORTER-PORTER, TO BE MARRIED
TO SIR MERRIK BURRELL IN AUGUST.

THE Potteries were *en fête* during the latter end of last week, in honour of the Duchess of Sutherland's splendid gathering at Trentham. As if by waving a magic wand, her Grace had brought together a record attendance of beautiful Society women in order

Allfrey, of Farley Castle, Berks. Captain Duncan Spiller may be said to have been connected with his branch of the Service from his birth upwards, for he is the eldest son of the late Colonel Duncan Spiller, who was in his day regarded as one of the most popular officers in the Royal Artillery.



MRS. MARSHALL ROBERTS, WHO GAVE
A BALL ON JULY 20.
Photograph by Langher.

His mother was a Miss Loder, daughter of the Victorian millionaire of that name, and so Sir Merrik is first cousin to the owner of Pretty Polly. The news of his second marriage has been received with much satisfaction in the neighbourhood of his country seat.

A Military Marriage. Of interest to a very large circle of military folk is the forthcoming marriage of Captain Duncan Spiller, of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Gladys Allfrey, the youngest daughter of Mr. Mortimer

himself. The earldom came from an affair in which the score lay with the prisoner. The jury deliberated while his Lordship slumbered. He heard the mumbled conversation between clerk and foreman, and opening his eyes, proceeded to pass sentence of death on the accused. The latter interrupted him—"Ah, my Lord, ye may leave out the rest of the sentence, if your Lordship pleases. The jury, God bless them! acquitted me just before your Lordship woke." The earldom followed.



MISS L. H. K. ELLIS, TO BE MARRIED TO
LORD NORBURY ON JULY 28.
Photograph by Thomson.

An Earl's Marriage. The marriage of an Earl is always a very important Society event, and especially when the peer in question has long been regarded as a confirmed bachelor. This is the case with Lord Norbury, who will shortly add a remarkably pretty new Countess to the peerage. His fiancée is Miss Lucy Ellis, the eldest of the beautiful daughters of the Rev. and Hon. William Ellis, of Bothalhaugh, Morpeth, who is, it will be remembered, Lord Howard de Walden's uncle and heir-presumptive. Miss Ellis and her sister, Miss Christobel Ellis, made quite a sensation when they appeared in Society under the chaperonage of Lady Ludlow. Lord Norbury is a keen sportsman, and has been a considerable traveller; also he has a delightful place called Carlton Park, near Market Harborough.

A Timely Verdict. The Earl of Norbury is one of twins. His brother died, however, within a few hours of birth, so the present Earl needed but to live to succeed his father. This he did, five-and-thirty years ago, when only eleven years of age. The Norbury title was bestowed for a curious reason. The first Earl was the famous Chief Justice Toler of Ireland. Half the *mots* which from time to time appear in the Press attributed to contemporary wits were coined by Toler. They were rough days in which he lived, and his methods would now seem a little rough-and-ready. He hanged men with as little compunction as did Baron Hawkins in a later day. And occasionally he would cross swords with his prisoners in a contest of wit in a manner wholly satisfactory to

A ONE-ARMED GOLFER WHO CAN BEAT MOST TWO-ARMED PLAYERS.



THE STYLE OF HASKINS, THE ONE-ARMED HOYLAKE PROFESSIONAL.

It is popularly supposed that golf can only be played properly by people with two arms, but the lie has been given to this theory by the extraordinary success of Haskins, the Hoylake professional. Haskins took up the challenge of Ivor Botcazou, the one-armed professional at La Boule, to play against any one-armed man of any nation. No one, however, has beaten Botcazou. His score was 180, Haskins', 199. Haskins' record for Hoylake course is 78, his average is 88.

Photographs by the Topical Press.



AFTER DINNER

BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Anybody's Cherubs. The Manning centenary should serve to invest with new interest a picture which hangs, or long did hang, over the communion-table at Totteridge Church. It was a cluster of cherubs, and was commonly supposed to represent faithfully the inmates of the paternal Manning's blessed quiver. There were not wanting those who could point out in the group the baby lineaments of Cardinal Manning as they were so long before he was either married, widower, or Cardinal. Like so many other fond illusions, this one perished untimely upon a rather curious discovery. The clustered cherubs were not young Mannings. They were not cherubs in particular. Manning *père* had won the picture in a lottery in London!

In the Bad Old Days. His arrival in Quebec to-day may remind the Prince of Wales that Canada, like England, has had its mis-called "good old days." In one of those days there might have been a battlefield of less glorious memory to recall than those which he goes to see. Those bad old, "good old days" were they in which the Fenians furiously raged together and imagined a vain thing. The Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Forces of the day went to the house of the foremost man of the Government of the period. That gentleman had been meeting trouble half-way, flagon in hand, and flagon and fear had proved too much for him. He was very far gone when the warrior found him, and so was another Minister who had been keeping him company. The Commander-in-Chief, happily, was not surprised into inaction. He had come for money for the troops, and nominally the only man who could provide it was the drunker of these two Ministers. The Commander-in-Chief did not wait for the sobering. He spent £50,000 on his own responsibility, and, later, the toper woke up and ratified his action. But Canada was already safe.

Feeding the Lions. Of course, it is quite a charming thing of the Government to entertain the Olympic athletes at dinner to-night, but the man who eats most sparingly will have best reason cheerfully to remember the feast. Lavish indulgence in the joys of the table is incompatible with the stern business of the athletic arena. Our Colonial Premiers declared that they were dined almost to death; while Stanley, noting that he was almost the sole survivor of all the men who returned with him from Darkest Africa, declared that he owed his life to his determination not to let the hospitable kill him with kindness. It is the simple life that makes old bones. Captain Webb swam the Channel on beef-tea, brandy, coffee, old ale, and—cod-liver oil! Byron fortified himself with

gin-and-water when turning out impassioned love stanzas. Thackeray prepared for a night's writing on a general feed big enough for two men and a boy, until poor disillusioned Charlotte Brontë, who had thought that her god lived on air, besought him, at the fifth huge potato, "Oh, Mr. Thackeray, don't!" But she ought to have seen him make a feast of beans and bacon look small!

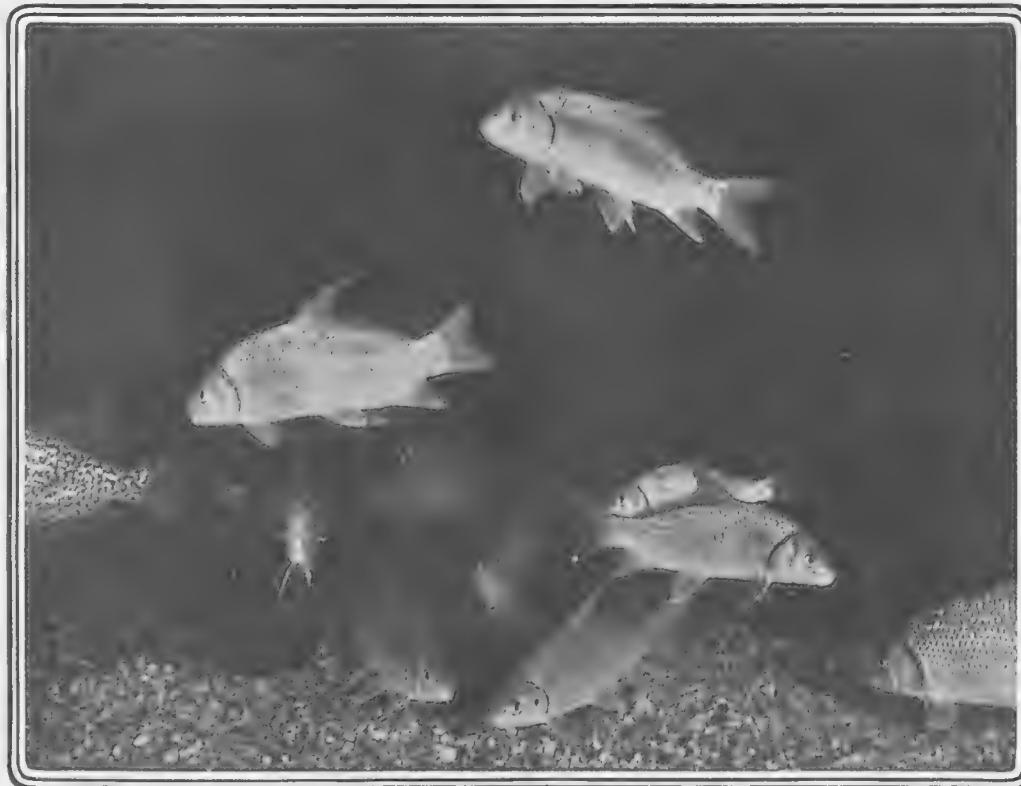
A Gem that Was Not. Presumably, Lord Rosebery will not form one of this symposium, so the athletes who love not long orations may take a hint which the head of the house of Primrose once let drop. He was one of a party assembled to do honour to an official who was about to take up an office over-seas. The guest of the evening was one of those good souls whom Sam Wilberforce held in such dread; he was not a man who had something to say, but one who had to say something. He mandered on unhappily for some time, making frequent references to his notes. Presently he turned a page, and the Lord Granville of the day saw with horror a memorandum, underlined in red ink, "Here dilate on the cotton trade." Lord Granville's hand crept stealthily up to the manuscript, and when the hand was withdrawn, the notes had disappeared, as did, a minute later, the man who had hoped to talk cotton.

The Tomb of Dickens. In the renewed agitation for a statue to Dickens it is interesting to remember that it was only by an eleventh-hour chance that he was buried in the Abbey. His will strictly ordered that his remains were to lie in the graveyard of Rochester Cathedral. Happily, this was made impossible through the Privy Council's having closed the churchyard as a place of public interment. Immediately he heard of the death Dean Stanley wrote to a friend saying that, if application were made, he would be glad to offer a place of sepulture in the Abbey. That was on Friday, the day of the death. Saturday and Sunday passed with nothing done, and the funeral was fixed for Tuesday. On the Monday morning a leader in the *Times* strongly recommended the Abbey as the one place fitting to receive the remains of the great man. Then Forster went post-haste to the Dean, whom all the world had been blaming for not making a move. The letter which he had written had miscarried. The grave was chosen late at night; the funeral took place in the early morning, and there were less than



THE SLIPPIEST SUBJECTS FOR THE CAMERA: FISH BY FLASHLIGHT—ROCK FISH, OR STRIPED BASS.

A further account of this very difficult form of photography will be found on Page 9 of Supplement.



FISH BY FLASHLIGHT: A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF MOST DIFFICULT PHOTOGRAPHY IN NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

Photographs by Shepstone.

a dozen persons present. The thousands who appeared with floral tribute during the day saw the open grave only through the intercession of the Dean, who craved the right to allow the coffin to remain visible until evening.

"THE DEVIL A MONK WAS HE."



A DARK HORSE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IT is an unfortunate fact, but other people's estimate of an actor's skill does not always coincide with his own. An amusing instance of this is related by Mr. Frank Fenton, who, though too little seen in London, was last season a member of Miss Ellen Terry's company, in which he acted Richard III. in Miss Gladys Unger's play. For obvious reasons Mr. Fenton withholds the name of the friend to whom it happened. The actor in question was studying his new part aloud in the room in which his wife was sitting, writing letters. He was, he fondly imagined, getting on splendidly, when she murmured quietly, "If you play that part like that you'll be awful!" It was a terrible shattering of illusions, and, after a brief but spirited argument, the lady entreated him to be natural. The actor was rather a good mimic, and his wife said: "Now, how would Sir Charles Wyndham treat the speech?" An imitation of Sir Charles resulted in requests for Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and the methods of other well-known actor-managers in the same speech. After they had all been treated more or less faithfully, the wife said, even more quietly than before: "Well, my dear, they're all better than yours."

Mr. Trevor Lowe, who was for so long a member of the Vedrenne-Barker Company, and has just taken on tour one or two of the Shaw plays associated with that management, was for five consecutive years responsible for the Christmas production at the West Pier at Brighton. One day at rehearsal he noticed that one of the actors was not doing the correct military business with the sword which he used to punctuate the various parts of the soldier's song he was singing. The next day Mr. Lowe asked him to go to a private rehearsal, and, knowing something about the way in which the business ought to be done, he went through ten minutes' hard labour with cuts, thrusts, parries, etc. At the end of the time he turned to the actor, and said—"Is that clear?" "Yes," was the reassuring answer. "Very well," replied Mr. Lowe, "then I'll do it again to make certain." There was another ten minutes' hard work, with, naturally, an increased result from the point of view of fatigue. As he mopped his brow, Mr. Lowe said—"Now, have you got it?" "Yes," answered the actor briskly, "but I can't do any of it, you see, because I'm left-handed!"

Just as Mr. Henry A. Lytton did not always play character parts in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, so there was a time when he appeared in work of a less fantastic character than that for which the Savoy was originally built, and to which it is so happily and vivaciously devoting itself. At that earlier period in his career he was, with the other characters in the play, cast on a desert island during part of the action, and they were dying for water. Each

character in turn piled up the agony, until at length the one represented by Mr. Lytton went off to look for water. As he got into the wings he inadvertently dropped the end of the cloak he was wearing into one of the fire-buckets standing by the side of the stage in readiness for an emergency. He did not notice what had happened, and after two or three minutes his cue came, and he made his reappearance on the stage. "There isn't a drop of water to be seen," he cried in the hoarse, husky voice of the man whose mouth and throat are parched and dry. As he moved slowly across the scene there was a constant drip, drip, drip from the end of his cloak. He did not notice it, but the audience did. "Not a drop of water to be seen," he exclaimed. "Liar!" came in a stentorian chorus from the gallery, while some people shouted, "Look at your cloak." The words they said made no difference. The unrehearsed effect had ruined the scene, and the curtain descended to the accompaniment of a roar of laughter.

It is not only the actor-managers who alter—if they do not improve—Shakespeare. Actors pure and simple sometimes do the same thing, though inadvertently. An amusing instance of this happened to Miss Marie Daltra, who has been playing at the Queen's Theatre. Early in her career—in fact, it was in her first engagement—she met her husband, Mr. Lionel Rignold, and they decided to join the manager of a fit-up company in order to gain experience. For a "bespeak" night "Hamlet" was put in the bill. Mr. Rignold was cast for the First Gravedigger, and the Second was given to the manager's son. As luck would have it, however, he was suddenly called away to look after the front of the house, and to Miss Daltra's horror, it was suggested that she



MISS GERTRUDE LESTER, WHO HAS BEEN TAKING MISS EVIE GREENE'S PART IN "HAVANA."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

should take his place. When she said that she did not know the words, she was told it did not matter, as all she needed to do was to stand still and listen to the First Gravedigger. This direction she carried out to the letter. When the line came, "Go, get thee to Vaughan and fetch me a stoup of liquor," Mr. Rignold gently pushed her, and whispered under his breath, "Get off." As he spoke, he winked. Miss Daltra interpreted the wink to mean that he required something. She accordingly rushed to an adjoining room where the properties were kept, seized a Shakespearian goblet, and, returning to the stage, said, "How will this do?" Mr. Rignold, amazed—as well he might be, for there is no stage direction for the return of the Second Gravedigger—exclaimed, "Do! For what?" "You told me to get a stoup of liquor," bravely replied the representative of the Second Gravedigger. What happened after this impromptu speech it is difficult to say. Miss Daltra does not remember whether she or the goblet left the stage first.

NO PUZZLES FOR THE POST OFFICE, PLEASE.

(THE G.P.O. HAS NOW PROHIBITED PUZZLE ADDRESSES.)



COSTER (*who has been rebuffed by short-tempered postal clerk*): Well, Mister, you might just tell me if I post this letter now, will it get to Birmin'ham ter-morrer mornin'?

CLERK: Yes, of course it will.

COSTER: Then you're a liar, 'cos it's addressed ter Sheffield!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"THE Ideal of a Gentleman" is a volume of quotations gathered from many sources with the intent to establish the exact identity of that personage. But no persuasion will suffice to reconcile all the various definitions of what is a gentleman and what is gentlemanly. Where society mixes her own meanings with a word's original significations, the task of extrication gets, in time, to be beyond the wit of man. St. Francis was gentle and manly, and so are many ploughboys and plumbbers, and so, even the Suffragettes say, is an exceptional policeman; but none of these would pass the dragons in knee-breeches at the portals of Portman Square. For, in spite of the flunkey's own plush, we do inevitably connect the gentleman with good clothes; or, when we do detect him through his rags, we are apt to insist that at one stage in his career his head was familiar with a silk hat.

The poet of the lines, "When Adam delved and Eve span, Who was then the gentleman?" would persuade us that the title does not greatly signify. That was because the title had come to be separated from its ideal. The conventional gentleman of to-day goes to the divorce courts more readily than his humbler brethren.

Chivalry, outwardly, towards his womankind is no longer part of his vow; and for the cardinal virtues your search among the lower orders would be as well repaid as your search among the higher. Yet in an anthology you see birth and station the sign-posts towards the recognised gentlemanliness. "An officer and a gentleman" means much; "a

private and a gentleman" carries you no way at all. It is, then, no easy matter to make your definition. It seems easier to point to some figure in the past and let him stand as the type of the species; perhaps to John Evelyn, perhaps to Horace Walpole, perhaps to that General who, in Velasquez's picture, so graciously receives the keys of the surrendered town of Breda. But even then you are distracted. Is the sword really more gentlemanly than the shears? George Meredith forbids. He has drawn the finest gentlemen of modern fiction; and the great Mel, tailor in a provincial town, is of the company, and towers above them all.

Dr. Johnson swept the way for the lexicographer. He made the path not merely possible, but also pleasant for his followers; and Sir J. A. H. Murray, whose Oxford Dictionary has, before its completion, brought him a knighthood, needs not to write a preface ponderous with tremendous complaint. The passing of the private patron of literature has meant the passing of ingenious praises of the man with the purse, the passing also of such a tirade as Samuel Johnson's against Lord Chesterfield. Painters still depend upon the individual, and so the individual still gets foul language from the painter; when, for instance, the painter happened to be Whistler. The author of to-day has no need first to laud and then levy grandiose blackmail upon the great gentlemen of the land, for literature has got into the keeping of the democracy by means of newspaper reputations, and attains, in consequence, the recognition of the State. "Lord" Johnson could not have made the ante-room the grievance it was to a mere Mister, even had he been permitted to

endure it; and it will be found that the trade of Letters lost some of its picturesqueness when it added to its fortunes.

While the Oxford Dictionary might have been produced under the eye of a patron, there are authors whom it is very difficult to picture wearing the serf's collar of indebtedness. One may search the ranks of the Peerage in vain for the fitting Lord of Mr. Chester-ton's visionary dedications, and we never want to see the author of "The Wild Knight" himself Sir Gilbert. Mr. Bernard Shaw's patron would be a man precariously situated; but not, perhaps, altogether inappropriate would be the literary link between my Lord Burton and Mr. Hilaire Belloc. There might in that case be much handsome and appropriate extolling on the one hand; and, in return, the dispatch of a monster barrel from Burton to the delightful Sussex homestead that is Mr. Belloc's place of recreation.

A poet who got astonishing popularity for the work he cared least about, and a still more astonishingly small contemporary recognition for the work on which he staked his literary soul, was Coventry Patmore.

"The Angel in the House" sold by countless thousands, and Emerson, after a visit to England, said his chief boast on his return home was that he had shaken hands with its author. But the "Odes of the Unknown Eros" had little vogue. Some of them appeared where you least wanted them, in an evening paper—the old *Pall Mall* of Frederick Greenwood; and, tentatively published at first in a little book with a paper cover, they drew from Cardinal Newman a letter in which



THE LEADER OF THE BAND: Ja, der Zhermans vos ein great musical people. All der great musicians vos der Zhermans. Der Vaterland vos turning dem out as fast as she vos able. Dat vos true, ja!

THE HOUSEHOLDER (disgustedly): Turning 'em out, is she? I don't blame her!

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

he assured the poet that his verses reminded him of the sweet tones of an Aeolian harp! The good Cardinal was for once in his life irrelevant; for the Odes were groanings of the spirit that man had thought could not be uttered until Patmore uttered them. As such they are beginning to meet with more and more acknowledgment; in sign thereof the *Academy* gives five columns of its space to "J. F.," a fine discerning and interpreter of the Patmorean philosophy and art. I do not know who "J. F." may be—the initials stand only among my acquaintance for a gentleman now absent from England, Jack Frost; but, whoever he is, he has the critic's faculty finely developed. In another article of quite extraordinary interest in the same *Academy*, "A. D."—initials one does identify—Henley is roundly ranked among the overrated. But Henley was sound enough in his appreciation of Patmore. The man of frolic and even rollick was drawn to the pages of the spiritual mystic and seer, and believed that others, too, would be thereto drawn. In Henley's opinion, Patmore was the Victorian poet who would be most read when the twentieth century reaches maturity.

Does anybody now read "Peter Simple"? It represents, no doubt, the somewhat bygone sentiment that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen, and one English battleship superior to three battleships of any other nation. That is dangerous doctrine nowadays. But if quarrelsome Admirals could be ordered to read "Peter" aloud to each other, I believe they would all shake hands at the end of it. Even the bluejacket might read "Peter" with profit, and his favourite organ, *The Fleet*, do well to revive it serially.—M. E.

WHEN THE LINE IS CLEAR.



OLD JONES (*at telephone*): Left your umbrella here last night, did you. Is this it?

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

Two Rovels in a Rutshell.

AN ADEQUATE CONDIMENTS.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

"WHAT are *you* looking so solemn about?" demanded a voice.

I glanced up quickly, and there at the open window saw Miss Archibb.

"Am I looking solemn?"

"Like an owl. What have you come for?"

"Nothing like making your visitors feel at home! I believe I came over to see you."

"Oh!" She appeared a trifle discomposed at the directness of the reply.

"And now you have seen me?"

"I shall look at you." This I proceeded to do.

Miss Archibb seated herself on the window-sill—she has an admirable figure—and looked down at me.

"It would be ripping on the water," I remarked.

"Would it? And yet you're here."

"I came to tell you."

"How self-sacrificing of you."

"H'm," I said. "Will you come?"

"Can't."

"Do you mean won't? Why not?"

She gave a backward jerk of her head.

"They're all in there."

"What of that?"

"Oh, all right." She got down with a smile. "We shall be a pleasant party."

"Party!" said I.

"Yes. Both aunts, uncle, and the mater. They'll all come with the dear child."

"In that case," I said hastily, "I prefer you at a distance." A girl by herself is worth a dozen together.

"But why go through the next room?" I suggested, with a sudden inspiration.

"How . . .? Get out of the window?"

I nodded. It was some ten feet from the ground.

"I should break my neck."

"Nonsense."

"It's easy to say that—it's not your neck. Besides, suppose somebody saw me?"

I refused to be put off by such a supposition.

"You're afraid."

"Mr. Hardon!"

"You're afraid."

Without another word, she clambered up on the sill.

"Shall I jump?"

"Merciful heavens, no!" The possibility of receiving some eight stone into one's arms would draw such an ejaculation from anybody.

"Then how?"

A moment's reflection gave me the opportunity of noticing a tub of evergreens near by. At the expense of some exertion I dragged the thing under the window. Standing on it I was some three feet nearer.

"Kneel on the sill, and come down backwards," I instructed. "Don't kick me in the face. All right, I've got you."

With a stifled shriek she let go her hold of the window-sill and clung round my neck.

"Don't strangle me. You see, it was quite easy."

"Yes," she said. . . . "Put me down now, please, Mr. Hardon. . . . Mr. Hardon! Put me down at once."

I was, as I said, somewhat insecurely balanced on the edge of the tub. An incautious step backward, and Miss Archibb, the evergreens, and myself found ourselves on the ground.

By a complicated movement of which I was too confused to

notice the details, Miss Archibb swished herself into a sitting position and looked at me and laughed. The edge of the tub was very hard, but nevertheless I joined in.

"You see!" I said reproachfully. "You might have known I should have put you down if it had been safe."

"I felt safer down," she remarked, rising to her feet.

"That evergreen looks pretty sick," I said, surveying it ruefully.

"Well, you'd look sick too, if you'd been sat on."

"I don't feel sick," I reassured her; "of course I don't know how I look."

"Did I really?" She laughed and blushed. "Well, I suppose I did. You deserved it, anyhow."

"And occasionally one gets one's deserts."

We brushed the dust off each other, and set off for the river.

"By the way," I said, "what's all this gathering of the clans? Been getting into a scrape?"

"Scrape!" she cried indignantly, "I should think not. I've been a very good girl."

"You!"

"You're very rude. You needn't look so surprised, anyhow."

"How did you manage it?"

"To be a good girl? Well, I did what I was told, and smiled when I was spoken to, and said 'Please.' and 'Thank you.'"

"And 'Yes' and 'No,' like a good little dolly."

"I haven't said 'Yes' and 'No' yet," she corrected. "That's what the family conclave is about."

I whistled—not loudly. "So that's the idea. Who are they?"

"Oh—two men."

"I suspected they were men. However, I can guess who they are. Which do you prefer?"

"The idea of asking me! You know what a shocking head I've got for figures."

I regarded her curiously. I'd often wondered how they did it. For a man it's different—so my people say: however heavy the golden chains which bind him, he still retains some independence.

"I don't want to be old-fashioned," I said, "but is it worth it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose so. Everybody says it is, anyhow."

"Everybody?" I questioned. "Because if there's not a somebody who disagrees, perhaps it doesn't make so much difference."

"Yes, everybody—of importance, anyhow."

We both remained silent until we reached the river. Had I not been so hopelessly ineligible myself, I should—but then it doesn't matter what I should have done. It would only have made three of us.

"Cold mutton isn't very nice, is it Mr. Hardon," she said at last.

"Depends a good deal on one's appetite," I pointed out.

"Does it? Perhaps it does. One won't always be hungry, though."

"It's not half bad with Worcester Sauce."

"Worcester Sauce?" She was somewhat puzzled. I don't know if anybody else had said it I should have understood it.

"Oh! I see," she said, with a slight flush. "Yes, perhaps it's not bad then."

I didn't point out (in any case, I would have taken the risk)

[Continued overleaf.]

NOT FOR PUBLICATION.



NEWSBOY (to SPEECHLESS GENTLEMAN, who since 8 a.m. has lost his collar-stud, upset water-jug, gone without breakfast, done a 2000 yards sprint, broken his umbrella scaling the ticket-barrier, and just missed train) : "Good Words," Sir?

DRAWN BY FRED HOLMES.

that you can't keep kisses in a bottle for use as you want them. It's not until you start analysing an analogy that you find it isn't one.

"What's the idea?" She had paused irresolutely on the bank.

"I—I don't think I'll go on the river after all. I want to think. You don't mind, do you?"

"As a matter of fact I've been thinking myself it's too hot for rowing. I'll go along to the Palfrys' and play tennis, I think."

"Will you. Will anybody be there? To play tennis with, I mean."

There's one thing to be said for the Palfry girls, however; they don't profess to play tennis.

"I'll drag Ronaldson up with me; he's been a bit down the last day or so."

"Do you know"—she seemed struck with a brilliant idea. "I think I'll come and play tennis, too. I'm bound to get into a row as it is, so I might as well—"

"Be hung for a wolf as a lamb!"

"Sheep, you mean. If I creep up and get my shoes, will you—?"

"I'll get hold of Ronaldson."

"Will you? Don't forget. Oh, but there'll be nobody for you to play with."

"That's all right," I said cheerfully. "I'll get some practice with the Palfry girls."

THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE HON. MRS. WALDEMAR.

BY NINA BALMAINE.

100A, Curzon Street, Mayfair.
DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I believe you have a lot of influence with theatre managers. The fact is I must now do something for a living. I cannot work, therefore I must act. I loathe the idea and all that, but in these days the stage is not quite a descent. I really think it could be made elevating, don't you? Of course, I should not want any training like an ordinary actress-person.—Yours sincerely, HAIDEE WALDEMAR.

P.S.—You know that I lost heavily by the failure of my trustee?

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—Can you see an awfully pretty woman? Wants to go on the stage. Sings fairly well. Can't act a bit, but can beat all the bald-heads in the stalls for knowing the best things on a supper menu.

Whatever you can do for her I shall consider as done to me.—Yours always, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, London.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—I have just seen the lady. She's a stunner! That's a big hunk of praise coming from me. I don't care a cent about her acting; but I say, you might give a chap a hint about her form over the Commandments course. I want to be careful. See?—Yours, DICK GORGONZOLA.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I *knew* you could do it. Mr. Gorgonzola was delightful; so sympathetic and all that. He thinks my acting "a mixture of the naïve and the natural." I suppose that means a lot. Perhaps I shall turn out a female Hawtrey. I am awfully in earnest, and will devote all my spare time to my art. He asked my advice about dresses. Very sweet of him, wasn't it? 'Cute, too, because I can save him trouble.—Yours sincerely, HAIDEE WALDEMAR.

P.S.—I have positively no supper engagement to-morrow night! Isn't it wicked? H. W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—You seem to be suffering from a violent attack of the thrills. Try a bucket of bromide, sonnie, and get someone to sing you to sleep. I am supping the Curzon Street houri to-night. You may come. It will do me good to see my jackass past revive itself in thee.

May the Lord have mercy upon you—*she* won't!—Yours benignly, JACK FORTESCUE.

P.S.—Supper Dieudonné 11.30.

DEAR FORTESCUE.—Thanks. I don't mind your blasé blither. I feel as pure as if I'd been to a revival service every night for a century. I'd stand on my head on the Penitent Form if it would please her. I have ordered Adaptor to write a play for her; a Press agent will do the rest.

I say, she is quite different from the sordid, intriguing women I'm used to in the profession. See you both to-night. Try and be a little less cynical than a hyena with a liver.—Yours to all eternity, DICK GORGONZOLA.

DEAR MRS. WALDEMAR,—Do you think you could stand picture-postcard popularity? It isn't quite the thing, I know, but the royalties are regal. I hope you are not over-taxing yourself at rehearsals.—Very sincerely yours, DICK GORGONZOLA.

DEAR MR. GORGONZOLA,—I don't mind a bit. All the smart women have their photographs in the papers out of sheer vanity. I cannot afford to allow my modesty to ruin me, so I'll just leave it to you. I find that if I have a light lunch after the first act, a little fresh air after the second, and tea at the Bachelors' Club at the end, the rehearsals do not seriously affect my health. I will promise to take care of myself, however, as *you* wish it.—Yours sincerely, HAIDEE WALDEMAR.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—What the perfumed blazes possessed you to introduce Lord Lochinvar to Mrs. Waldemar? You might have waited till we got through the rehearsals. Besides, his reputation would blight a church. She'll get out of hand—that's what will happen. I don't want to be too hard upon you, old chap, but I'm not putting any furbelows on my opinion of you just now.—Yours sincerely, DICK GORGONZOLA.

BELOVED GORGONZOLA,—Believe me, I am innocent. Lochinvar genially obtruded himself on my notice while I was giving the lady some tips about the best way to boom herself. She looked as grateful for the introduction as Elijah might have done had the raven thoughtfully brought him the *Daily Mail* with his matutinal rolls. It's all in the game—you'll get no sympathy from me.—Tout à vous, JACK FORTESCUE.

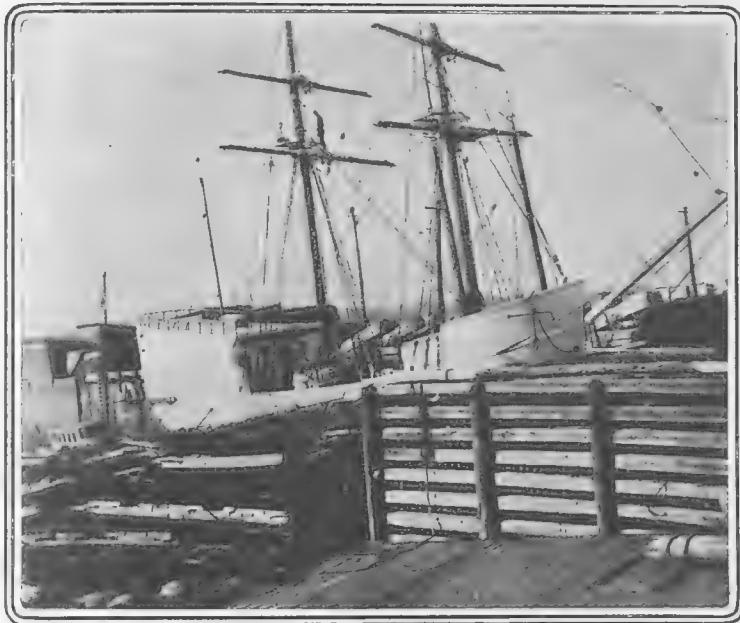
DEAR MR. GORGONZOLA,—Do you think it would be a good advertisement for the piece to let the papers know that I am engaged to be married to Lord Lochinvar? I have already told my Press agent, but asked him to keep it a profound secret.—In awful haste, yours sincerely, HAIDEE WALDEMAR.

P.S.—Oh, horror! I have just seen the papers, and they are full of our engagement. Who *could* have told them? I am *so* annoyed.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

PERHAPS one of the last chances that Londoners will have of seeing the Duke of York's schoolboys in their old home at Chelsea will be to-morrow (23rd) at the annual sports. The royal family have already this year given striking testimony of their interest in this noble foundation, the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales having honoured the school with visits. And now, to-morrow, the Duchess of Connaught—herself the daughter, the wife, and the mother of soldiers—is to distribute the sports prizes. Everyone will be sorry to lose the little "Dukies," just as one misses the Christ's Hospital boys, with their bare heads, yellow stockings, and flowing skirts.



A CONTRAST TO THE "INDOMITABLE": CANADA'S HISTORIC SHIP, CHAMPLAIN'S "DON DE DIEU," REPRODUCED FOR THE QUEBEC PAGEANT.

The most interesting scene of the Quebec Pageant will be the arrival of Champlain, the founder of the city and the French colony. An exact reproduction of his ship has been built at the Gravel shipyards, opposite Quebec. The vessel has a displacement of 150 tons, and her dimensions are 90 feet by 22 feet. She is to sail up the St. Lawrence, and will touch at the very spot where Champlain landed.—[Photograph by the Graphic Photo Agency.]

A Brilliant Diplomatist.

Sir Ernest Mason Satow, who distributes the prizes at Berkhamsted School to-morrow, is second to none in his profound knowledge of

Japan and the Japanese. Long before he became Minister in Tokio, he had spent some time in the Japanese Consular service, and he helped to make the first Murray guide-book to Japan, and also the first English and Japanese dictionary. A short man, with iron-grey hair and an abnormally high forehead, he has a curious look which suggests the old Japanese drawings of learned professors. It is whispered that the Japanese themselves are rather afraid of him; they seem to think that he knows too much about them. Yet he resembles them in his passionate love of gardening, and he also has a keen appreciation of Japanese music and Japanese acting; but, so far as regards the graphic arts, he unhesitatingly places China far above Japan, which is certainly not the ordinary view.

The Medico-Legal Society. Law and Medicine. holds its second annual dinner to-night (22nd), and it is significant that it has a Judge of the High Court, Mr. Justice Walton, to preside. Nowadays, with our Borstal system, and our practical adoption of indeterminate sentences,

we are advancing, as some would think, dangerously, to the position that crime is a sort of disease. Certainly the old-fashioned race of criminal lawyers would have been horrified at much that goes on daily in our courts. It is curious, however, that though quite a number of doctors have been called to the Bar, and quite a number of barristers have obtained medical qualifications, not one of these versatile gentlemen has reached the judicial bench; a coronership seems the limit of their ambition.

The Triumph of Will.

The present owner of Abbotsford might, in view of the serious poisoning business at St. Annes-on-Sea, with advantage to the community publish an antidote for poisoning of which the tradition is preserved in Scott's old home. It is nothing and yet it is everything. Scott's own story of the recipe is its best explanation. A friend of his, suffering some temporary indisposition, received at the hands of a relative a strong dose of laudanum in mistake for medicine. The error was immediately discovered. They did not, like Sydney Smith, keep a stomach-pump on the premises, and the doctor was seven miles away, at Selkirk. The victim, while everyone about was paralysed with fear, saddled his horse and rode like the wind to the doctor.

ON OCTOBER 22.

Photograph by Voigt.

ANOTHER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW FOR THE KAISER: PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, TO BE MARRIED

The Founder of the Bermudas.

Next Saturday (25th) General Sir Henry

Geary unveils a memorial to Sir George Somers, the first coloniser of the Bermudas, in the parish church of Whitchurch Canonicorum, Dorset. How few people have read the romantic story of Somers's voyage in the *Sea Venture*, which was wrecked on the Bermudas in 1609, and furnished Shakespeare with the idea of the shipwreck on the "still vex'd Bermoothes" in "The Tempest." Whitchurch Canonicorum is in the least attractive district of Dorset, known as the Vale of Marshwood. The church is a magnificent one of Transition Norman, with two remarkably large altar tombs.



THE PROBABLE ORIGINAL OF PRINCE DANILO IN "THE MERRY WIDOW": PRINCE DANILO OF MONTENEGRO.

It is curious to note the similarity in name and in costume between the heir of Montenegro and the character played by Mr. Joseph Coyne in "The Merry Widow."

Photograph by the Graphic Photo Agency.

KEY-NOTES

THE Patrons' Fund of the Royal College of Music is now five years old, and ten concerts have been given under its auspices. These have served to introduce to an expectant public a considerable number of new works; clearly, there is no dearth of manuscripts, but the proportions of talent to industry are those of the bread to the sack in Falstaff's immortal tavern bill. It may be that there are musicians in many countries to whom such a fund as Mr. Ernest Palmer's would be of the utmost benefit; it might redeem many lives from poverty, and provide the world with some new masterpieces; but even if this should be the case—and there is ample room for doubt—it cannot be denied that the Patrons' Fund has revealed very little neglected talent in this country. It has proved that we have plenty of young composers who have mastered the grammar of music and can write by the book, but at this point its discoveries come to an end. The concert given last week was in no sense remarkable, the best compositions being of very moderate interest; perhaps Mr. Montague Phillips' pianoforte concerto (played by Miss Irene Scharrer) and Mr. Fritz Hart's overture, "From the West Country," were the most promising contributions. In an editorial office not one hundred miles from Fleet Street there used to be a notice on the wall: "You can say it all in five minutes." One would not like to write unkindly, but if the young composers would put such a warning before their eyes, even if they doubled or trebled the time-limit, their message would be clearer in the hearing.

During the past week or two several professors have been giving pupils' concerts, and putting forward some of the youngest performers in their classes. The result has been curious. At two of these concerts we have heard classical work treated with some skill and little insight by some young performer, who has been roundly applauded for doing his best. While it is only natural that a professor should be anxious to show his friends and patrons how he can develop the young talent committed to his care, it may be doubted whether these public recitals by children are of any value to the performers themselves. They may give them a measure of confidence, but it is very dearly bought if a taste for the platform comes with it. The great musical academies and the prosperous private establishments do a great deal to raise the standard of performance and appreciation, but they can do very little to carry their pupils to the high planes of their art.

Before a musician can compose or play effectively he must start with great natural gifts and develop them very largely by himself, under unfavourable conditions for choice.

By the time July is half over, and musical agents are thinking of well-earned holidays, one does not expect to hear a very striking performance on the concert-platform; but the young Portuguese lady, Mlle. Marie Antoinette Aussenac, who gave a recital at the Queen's Hall last week, provided a surprise. She is a pianist of great promise and considerable accomplishment—indeed, it would have been very easy, and even more pleasant, to enjoy her performance without troubling about the quality of the "fine shades." As an interpreter of Chopin, the young pianist, who studied at the Paris Conservatoire under Duvernoy, rises to a height, her readings being very interesting, her sense of rhythm very well developed, and her use of the *rubato* legitimate. An arrangement of two of Bach's "Choral Preludes," made by Busoni, was handled very finely, but it was left for Schumann's "Études Symphoniques" to reveal the fact that the player has more study before her if she would aspire to the highest places of her profession.

Covent Garden has been generous in the matter of surprises this year, and has kept for the last fortnight of the season its first performance of "Faust" and the first appearance of a singer whose success was assured before she had been before her audience for five minutes. Mme. Edvina came to the Opera-House with a certain claim upon those who knew her for an amateur of good family, but she soon demonstrated her ability to stand alone. Her voice is sweet and powerful, she can give dramatic worth to a situation, and she is singularly free from the outward and visible signs of nervousness. She has not yet learned to turn her gifts to the best use; on several occasions she left the end of a phrase to the orchestra, and her *mezza-voce* still calls for skilled training; but when allowance has been made for these defects, it may be doubted whether any artist has made a first appearance in opera at such a difficult house as Covent Garden with results as pleasing to the audience. She was supported by Bonci, whose singing was to be preferred to his acting, and by M. Nivette, who took the part of Mephistopheles at short notice, sang the music in French, and deserved the congratulations he received. Signor Panizza gave the prima donna all the assistance of which she stood in need, but it may be said that she required very little.

This afternoon we are to have a matinée at the Opera-House, when Tetzazzini will sing in the "Barber of Seville." We venture to think that the famous artist is heard at her best in the part of Rosina, for she adds a shrewd sense of comedy to her many gifts.



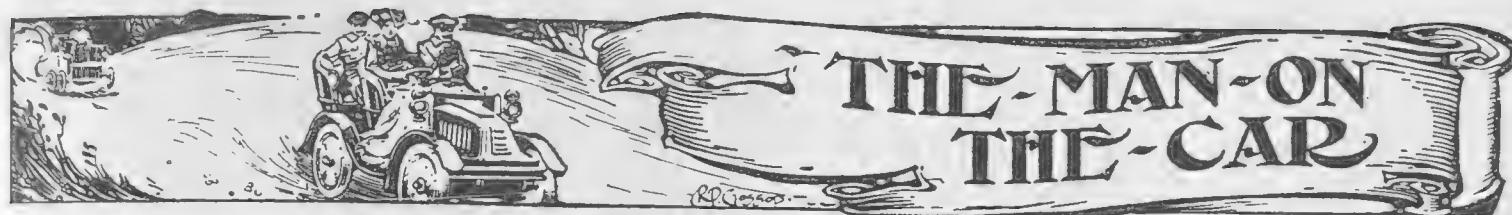
A BARONET FROM "PINAFORE'S" LOWER DECK: SIR G. POWER, Bt., THE ORIGINAL RALPH RACKSTRAW.
Sir George Power, Bt., was in the original cast of "H.M.S. Pinafore" when it was produced at the Opera Comique in 1878. He created the part of the hero, Ralph Rackstraw.—[Photograph by Wolff.]



GILBERT IN GILBERTIAN BURLESQUE: SIR W. S. GILBERT AS THE KING AND MISS MARION TERRY AS THE QUEEN IN "ROSENCRANTZ AND GULDENSTERN."

At a matinée held at the Lyceum Theatre in aid of King's College Hospital Removal Fund, Sir W. S. Gilbert played the part of the King in his own burlesque of "Hamlet," "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern."

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



DETACHABLE DUNLOPS BEHAVE WELL IN THE GRAND PRIX—H.S.H. PRINCE FRANCIS AT HIS FIRST CLUB FUNCTION—THE NEW R.A.C.: THE FINEST CLUB IN THE WORLD—THE NAPIER GRAND PRIX CARS: UNIQUE BACK-AXLE SPRINGING—BRITISH PRELATES AND ALIEN AUTOMOBILES—THE RUNNING KEMPSHALL.

THE tyre-changing operations before the tribunes during the course of the late Grand Prix were something of a triumph for the Dunlop detachable rim. When it was necessary to change tyres which were carried—or should I say secured?—by these rims, the necessary renewals were effected with great celerity and certainty. Resta and his mechanic, profiting by Brooklands experiences in this regard at least, are reported to have changed two back tyres at Sept Meules in thirty seconds or less, while in no case do I hear that any of these rims failed during the race. Motorists who tend their own cars, and those car-owners who are as merciful to their servants as they are enjoined to be to their beasts, should mount the tyres on Dunlop detachable rims. Then, to complete the outfit, a case containing two Parsons' Sparklet Inflators should find itself aboard, and the teeth of the tyre demon are drawn indeed.

On Wednesday of last week Prince Francis of Teck, Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, presided for the first time over a meeting of the Club, held in the theatre of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, Storey's Gate, Westminster. The meeting, which was an extraordinary one, was called to hear from the chair an exposition of the policy to be adopted by the Club in the erection and appointment of the grand new club house presently to arise upon the site of the old War Office in Pall Mall. His Serene Highness promised his membership not only the finest club house in London, but the finest club house in the world. And from the plans and the description which members were privileged to see, this promise has every prospect of being fulfilled. The Club members are asked to apply for £100,000 in £10 shares, bearing 5 per cent. interest, and as there are to-day 3700 of them—members, I mean—and as £9000 of the above total already accrues on life memberships, the money is practically certain to be subscribed.

Last week were made public the particulars of the three Napier cars which were designed and built for participation in the Grand Prix, but which were very properly scratched when the French club, while allowing detachable rims (which, by the way, frequently detached themselves, with dire results), refused to admit detachable wheels. A careful study of the thoughtful lines upon which these cars have been conceived will ensure regret that they were not asked to show what they could



PRIZE FOR THE QUICKEST ONE HUNDRED MILES ON A MOTOR: THE MERVYN O'GORMAN TROPHY.

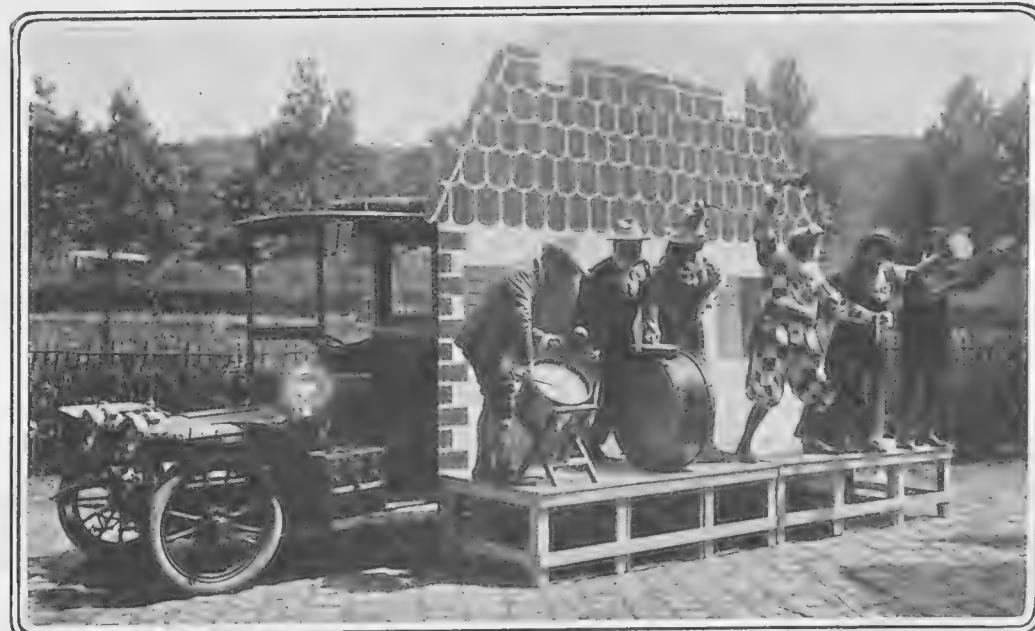
The trophy will be competed for at Brooklands on August 4. It is intended to encourage the construction of machines able to work at full power for a long period, and the award will be made to the competitor who covers one hundred miles in the shortest time. There is no restriction as to the size of engine, the kind of fuel, or the weight of the machine. The trophy represents Atalanta starting for her race.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

do. Mr. Napier, whose personal light is too frequently hidden under a bushel, and whose natural modesty discourages the removal of the obscuring vessel, had realised that, given the attainment of a certain average speed for the whole ten laps of the Dieppe circuit, the race would go to the car that, either by luck or judgment, sustained the least tyre trouble. Consequently, the Napier back-axle presents unusual features, which have for their object the retention of the tyre on the ground, and therefore the avoidance of tyre slips or skids, which are so fruitful in the generation of heat, and therefore the destruction of the tyre. It is asserted that in experimental runs upon the road and at Brooklands at 100 miles per hour the wheels held rigidly to the running surfaces.

It is not surprising to learn that the choice of a British prelate in the matter of an automobile should have fallen upon a car of native production. Just lately the admirers of the Bishop of Winchester—and they are many in his Lordship's diocese—subscribed no less a sum than £720 for the purchase of an automobile. The car his Lordship selected is an English car. So salutary an example has, I regret to say, not been followed by another clerical magnate of equal rank, but presiding over a diocese lying farther north. Although the great works of the Humber Company at Beeston are situated within this gentleman's pastoral charge, and Humber cars must have been as familiar in his mouth as household words, yet I learn that the good British money subscribed went to buy a French car for his Lordship. This by way of encouraging British industry!

In ordering a set of Kempshall tyres the motorist must not imagine he is about to purchase an article of alien manufacture. The Kempshall tyre, or the principle thereof, was certainly the offspring of an American brain, but the tyre is now both made and marketed in this country. A friend of mine who last year almost despaired of motoring by reason of tyre troubles and cost has run Kempshall's hard on his 32-cwt. car since the beginning of the year, and has had no trouble but a little deflation to date. I cannot give the mileage, but the car is driven pretty regularly, and is not spared at hills. Notwithstanding some wear, these tyres retain much of their original non-skidding properties.



OPERA ON TYRES: GREAT SINGERS TOURING WITH THEIR PORTABLE STAGE.

In aid of the French Café Concert Home of Rest a little troupe of singers is making a tour of all the French watering-places, where they give performances in the open air. The conductor of the tour is Jacquet de Parisiana, with whom are Mlle. Nina Pack, of the Opera; Hania Routhchine, of the Grand Theatre of St. Petersburg; and Messrs. Perval, of the Vaudeville and the Scala. They are travelling on a beautiful Lorraine-Dietrich car placed at their disposal by the makers. With them the artists carry a little portable stage.—[Photograph by Topical.]



GLORIOUS GOODWOOD—RAILWAY RATES.

EVERYTHING points to a lovely reunion in the ducal park this year, as royalty will be well represented at the meeting, and all the leading houses in the neighbourhood of the course have been let for some little time. The racing will be well

up to the average, and the royal colours will be seen on one or two of his Majesty's two-year-olds that are expected to do well. The Stewards' Cup will, of course, be the chief dish of the meeting, from a speculative point of view. I am told that Prospector and Billidere are fancied, but my selection for the race will be found in another column. It should be noted that ladies are now admitted to a covered gallery above the Private Stand at Goodwood. They must have tickets to the Grand Stand enclosure, and pay £2 per week for admission to the gallery, and must be introduced by a member of the Private Stand. The arrangements for motor-cars are somewhat altered this year. These will be admitted to the carriage-enclosure at the same charge as that made for carriages. Motor-cars will not be allowed to remain on the roads, and those not using the carriage-enclosure must go into the enclosure provided for them at the back of the paddock. I expect the time will come, but not yet, when motors will be

the Course, does not hesitate to employ plenty of labour on the track, and the result is perfection. It is to be hoped that owners will run their horses, and book-form has become so higgledy-piggledy that anything may win some of the races.

I am told that on the first two days of the Ascot Meeting the railway takings were two thousand pounds less than they were for the corresponding two days of last year. This proves what the motors have done for the railway companies. In self-defence, the latter should go in for the cheap-trip system, and, in the words of a well-known public entertainer, should "play up to the gallery." It is hard lines that people who go racing should be called upon to pay in some cases — notably between Epsom and London — more than twice the ordinary fare, while travellers to flower-shows are granted return tickets at single fare and a quarter. As I have stated scores of times, the Northern railways encourage the cheap-trip system, and it pays them well, too. Then why do not the Southern lines follow suit? Those who have eyes to see can tell by the crowded state of the cheap rings that the poorer people flock to race-meetings now in larger numbers than ever; but it is the expenses question that will prevent them from doing so for long unless the charges are modified.



A DIFFICULT CUP TO LIFT: THE TROPHY FOR THE CHANNEL SWIM.

As yet no one has rivalled Captain Webb's performance in swimming the Channel. This year Wolfe made another gallant attempt, but had to give up when he was within three miles of the coast. — [Photograph by White.]



TRAVELED 16,000 MILES TO SHOOT:
NEW ZEALAND'S SCHOOLBOY MARKSMAN
AT BISLEY.

Colour-Sergeant William Friar, of Onehunga Public School Cadet Corps, Auckland, New Zealand, has travelled 16,000 miles to shoot for the Lady Gwendolen Guinness trophy at Bisley. Friar, who is fifteen, is the representative schoolboy marksman of the 15,000 cadets in New Zealand. He was chosen by the Education and Defence Authorities of the Dominion. Last year he won the North Island Shield and the Dominion of New Zealand Shield.

Photograph by Vandyk.

allowed to use the road up through the park, while horse-drawn carriages will have to go up Trundle Hill. This will simplify matters materially, but it has its drawbacks, inasmuch as those people riding in horse-drawn vehicles would miss the beauties of the park and Birdless Grove. On the other hand, the traffic would be got rid of in half the time that it takes at present, and the roads through the park could be kept perfect for motor traffic. I should have mentioned that the course is in tip-top order, despite the long drought experienced in May and June. The herbage is thick and velvety. Mr. Dundas, the Clerk of



GRACEFUL EVEN IN LAWN-TENNIS: MME. FENWICK.

Mme. Fenwick won the tennis ladies' championship for 1908 upon the courts of the Paris Racing Club.
Photograph by Lumière.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

CAPTAIN COE.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Twopence
Coloured.

A social revolution may be expected if the Bill for divorce now before the Georgian Legislature becomes law. For it is intended to make all marriages null and void in which the bride has made use of such "aids to beauty" as paints, powders, scents, false hair, high-heeled shoes, and even lace blouses. The Georgian legislator who is preparing this onslaught on the feminine camp prefers, it is clear, the Penny Plain to the Twopence Coloured. Yet the majority of his sex have always preferred the coloured variety, and always will; and so Woman, with the instinctive artfulness which she shares with the rest of the feminine half of nature, proceeds to encompass his subserviency with all the wiles at her command. Certainly the American woman will combat this piece of masculine tyranny with every resource of which she is capable. She will probably urge that a powdered nose-tip is more pleasing than a shiny one; that a pin-curl or two are better for the race, in the end, than a scanty and ill-dressed head of hair; and that that essentially American institution, the oddly named Peekaboo blouse, is one of President Roosevelt's most formidable allies.

As a matter of fact, no man over twenty is taken in by these small feminine hypocrisies; and I doubt if, in real life, the Lady Fredericks of this world would permanently estrange an ardent lover by exhibiting to him the processes of their toilet.

Women and Newspapers. Woman, in the aggregate, is no great reader of newspapers, and herein, it seems, she shows, according to some experts, a wisdom more profound than that of the average man. For a recent symposium on the subject "Is there too much News?" has caused various notable personages to declare that excessive devotion to the daily journals is, frankly, a waste of time. Sir Robert Anderson declares the habit to be akin to dram-drinking; Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace says that it destroys thought, and Mr. Frederic Harrison thinks that there are not only too many newspapers, but "too much print altogether." To this last proposition we can most of us concur. It is a fatal mistake for the young—especially for girls—to rely on a knowledge of life as it is set forth in novels. Altogether, the newspaper, whatever its faults, makes more useful reading for women than the sentimental novel of British manufacture—in which the poor and much-harassed heroine ends by marrying a duke or, at the worst, a baronet. Such romances are pernicious in the highest degree. If a girl must read ephemeral things, let her peruse the evening paper, for the flimsiest journal is always, at least, in touch with real life.

Olympian Goddesses. At the royal opening of the Olympian games, the battalion of Scandinavian goddesses made a memorable impression. Young, slim, and straight, these Danish girls, in their brief white flannel frocks and their tan stockings, marched like a Prussian regiment, and instantly converted the spectators, to a man, to the theory of gymnastics for the young person. To see them leaping a stalking-horse without turning a hair of their exquisitely dressed heads was an inspiring

spectacle, for their fair locks—there was not a dark head among them—were one of the delights of the opening show. There were ash-coloured, golden, auburn, and light-chestnut tresses among them, and every head had been manipulated by a skilled coiffeur, who had even arranged some of these Scandinavian locks to resemble those of the Greek dancers as we see them in the Tanagra statuettes. It was a striking object-lesson to the British sportswoman, who is apt to neglect her charms and to have untidy or badly arranged hair. The mere presence of these girl gymnasts at our Olympian contests was significant enough of modern progress, for at the original celebrations in Greece, not only no woman competed, but no woman was allowed to be present, nor even to stay in the near neighbourhood of the Sacred Games.

Surprise
Furniture.

The one-room flat with its "surprise furniture" has long existed in America, but our ingenious cousins are now occupied in making it serve

three purposes—that of bed-room, sitting-room, and dining-room—within the short space of three seconds. For years dwellers in

New York have enjoyed the delights of "surprise" furniture—chiffoniers which transform themselves suddenly into beds, bookcases which become, in some miraculous fashion, washing-stands; and dining-tables which develop into bath-tubs. But now the furniture is not to be transformed, but hidden. You touch a lever, a panel opens, and a handsome brass bedstead glides into the room, precisely as it does in a Palais-Royal farce. A knock on the wall, and your piano disappears, and a dressing-table, with its appurtenances, takes its place. In what small boys call a "jiffy" your morning-room becomes an agreeable dining apartment. Of course there must be a space all round the outside of the room for these pieces of furniture, and the question forces itself upon the reasonable person if it would not be better to have two separate rooms than one which had to have such costly mechanical contrivances. Still, there must be a certain joy in being able to press a button and obtain a brass bedstead, or push a panel and see your sideboard disappear.

Where space is valuable, as in New York, and human beings are many, the idea will assuredly please. In London, we still have space enough to go to bed in our bedrooms, and reserve our drawing-rooms for the amenities, and not for the necessities of life.



[Copyright.
A YACHTING COAT AND SKIRT IN NAVY-BLUE SERGE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.
A SIMPLE EVENING GOWN IN CHARTREUSE GREEN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

allies. As a matter of fact, no man over twenty is taken in by these small feminine hypocrisies; and I doubt if, in real life, the Lady Fredericks of this world would permanently estrange an ardent lover by exhibiting to him the processes of their toilet.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

WE begin to be weary wights we women about town, and to notice signs of flagging energies in each other, though, of course, we never mention it. Still the season goes merrily on. This week, however, sees the end. Friday is the last evening for entertaining before the exodus of Society. Next week a large section of it assembles again on the Sussex Downs for Goodwood; the King, the Queen, and Princess Victoria will once again be the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon; a further reunion, the week after, at Cowes of a smaller section, then sing hey! for the merry, merry popping on the moors, sing hey! for the Bads and Spas and cures, for the hooting of the motor boat and car, for

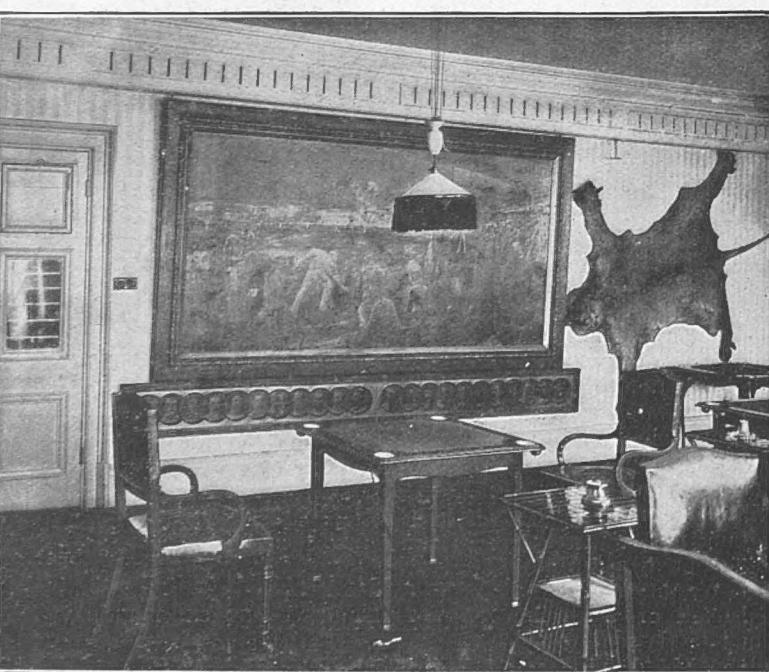
the golfing and the bathing and the climbing, and the lazing and the rest, and recreation near and far!

The King and Queen arranged to sup with the Duke and Duchess of Wellington last week instead of dining with them. Their Majesties, with Princess Victoria and their

guests, the Duke and Duchess of Charles of Hesse, went to Apsley House, where many members of the royal family met them. A quadrille d'honneur was danced and supper partaken of amid a blaze of gold plate and flowers. Later, their Majesties were for a short time present at one of the most brilliant balls of the London season. On last Friday night there was another equally brilliant at Grosvenor House, following on the Eclipse Stakes day at Sandown.

The most precious possession a woman has is her complexion; it is more to her than her jewels or her gowns, since they serve but to attract the attention to her which her face should rivet. Small wonder, then, that the modern miracle-worker, Valaze, is so much the sensation of the season. All the best-known women are using it and blessing its talented introducer, Mlle. Helena Rubinstein, of the Maison de Beauté Valaze, 24, Grafton Street. It is extraordinary in its effect, this preparation in which rare herbs from the Carpathians are compounded; it purifies a bad skin and beautifies every skin. Now that women are taking their countenances out into the sea and mountain air, the use of Valaze is more than ever necessary. It combines in itself all the best qualities of half-a-dozen successful skin-foods, and is absolutely protective from the ravages of wind and weather. Under its benign influence freckles disappear, as do sunburn and sallowness. There will not be many dressing-bags whose owners are at all "in the know" that will be packed this week without a supply of Valaze being included.

Mlle. Helena Rubinstein is not only a genius in skin-treatment, she has harnessed her genius and had it instructed. She has studied under skin specialists, worked in skin hospitals, and qualified for the post of expert which she so triumphantly holds. We have all heard a lot about the removal of wrinkles, and we have seen them go; but, like the evil spirit, they have returned, with others as deep and deeper than themselves. Mlle. Rubinstein guarantees to remove the deepest wrinkle, not for a day or a month or a year, but for life. Her methods are scientific, the result of study and research—the result, also, of experience in skin-treatment. The system is to find



A PLACE OF PURE AIR: THE CARD-ROOM OF THE BATH CLUB, IN WHICH THE GLOVER-LYON SYSTEM OF VENTILATION HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY INSTALLED. A new era in ventilation has been inaugurated by the Glover-Lyon system. By this method pure air, regulated to any temperature, without the discomfort of draughts, and adaptable for heating purposes to any method (hot-water, steam, gas, or, preferably, electricity) is constantly supplied to rooms of any size.

out the cause of blemishes and cure them, not to cover them up or get them temporarily to show less. The treatment is most satisfactory, and appeals to common-sense.

Al-fresco life becomes more and more attractive to Britons every year. The old days of closed windows and dressing formally to go out are, happily, past. Now we love the open air and largely live in it; consequently, we wear better and enjoy life more. The newest thing in garden-houses, introduced by Maple's, of London and Paris, is the "Cha Ya," or tea-house, an Anglo-Japanese arrangement which gives a weather-proof, perfectly ventilated, cool-shaded room out of doors. It folds up quite flat, and so can be easily moved from place to place. As a breakfast, luncheon, and tea room in summer it is perfect; the back and sides have Japanese bamboo blinds, while the roof is of English sail-cloth—an Anglo-Japanese alliance which gives splendid results.

When people are far away from town and want to buy an ornament, either for themselves or friends, it is awfully hard to decide what to get. They don't know what is new; they can form no idea of combination of jewels or of design. To help in this matter, the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of Oxford Street House and Fenchurch Street House, have published a book showing all their latest ornaments and jewels, by faithful photographic reproductions of the actual size of the gems. It is very comprehensive and beautifully done. This way of choosing is quite the next best thing to

making a selection on the premises—where, by the way, there is a fine variety of ivory-backed brushes to be seen at remarkably low prices, the firm having foreseen a taste for ivory, and having bought large quantities of the finest African kind advantageously.

The latest, the best, and the most conveniently packed and sized shortbread is the Reading. It is in the form of small, round biscuits, in neat tins, and is delicious. There is quite a run on it for motoring, yachting, golfing, walking tours, and all the holiday pursuits which make of meals movable feasts, with frequently too long intervals between. Reading shortbread is as good as Scotch, and far more easily carried. It is sustaining, too, because the materials are so good.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be seen a picture of a yachting-coat and skirt in Navy-blue serge, the collar and cuffs of white silk embroidered in black, the waistcoat black silk, with tiny gilt buttons. A turkey-red silk scarf is drawn down under the collar through tabs of the serge. A second illustration on the same page is of a classically simple evening gown of charmeuse satin in a beautiful shade of Chartreuse green, the draped bodice fastened with two long tassels, and the embroidery round the lace chemisette of flowers matching the gown in colour.

Crème Simon and Savon Simon are preparations coming from France that help the Entente Cordiale, because they are keenly appreciated by Englishwomen. Poudre Simon is also a favourite one, having in it no bismuth, only what is cool and refreshing to the skin. It is obtainable of all chemists, as are all these favourite toilette preparations.

By an unfortunate confusion the full-face portrait of Miss Ivy Close which we published in our last number was credited to the Illustrations Bureau, instead of to Mr. S. Elwin Neame.

The amusing crinkly-paper figures sold at the Veterans' Fête, and illustrated last week, were the work of the lady who chooses to be known only as "Gladys."



A BRILLIANT JAPANESE ACTRESS REPEATS HER CONTINENTAL SUCCESS AT THE HIPPODROME: MADAME HANAKO.

The great Japanese actress, Madame Hanako, who had such a favourable reception on the Continent, began her London season at the Hippodrome on the 20th.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 28.

THE AMERICAN OUTLOOK.

WHILE it would be flattery to say that the American Market is busy, it is nevertheless the fact that activity remains more pronounced in this department than elsewhere round the Stock Exchange. The British operator is not venturing far into the stream, but he hugs the upper side of the bank, and is making money on the bull tack. Dealings are, however, very retail, both in Wall Street and in Shorter's Court. There is a kind of apprehension about getting caught, which keeps the account in London within very easy limits. Wall Street professionalism rules the market. Maybe the Republicans want to keep confidence quiet for the sake of their own political ends; maybe the wirepullers have more new issues up their sleeves, issues which will demand a stable market for their successful launching. The signs are difficult to read, but the pessimists' turn, so far as we are able to discern the outlook, has not yet come, and it will still pay to keep jobbing on the bull tack, working on the principle of short profits and quick returns.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"What we are coming to," The Jobber groaned, "I really do not know."

"We're evidently coming to a tunnel," remarked the ever-practical Engineer, as he pointed to the light having gone out.

"Ours is no case for jesting. Was ever a body of men so persecuted by want of employment as are we of the Stock Exchange?"

"Due largely to the insane policy of yourselves and your precious Committee in washing all your dirty linen publicly," remarked the City Editor.

Both members of the House regarded him speechlessly. This was the most unkindest cut of all, because The City Editor had been wearying his readers for months past with amateur dogmatisms upon the various complicated points of the case.

"I believe," said The Solicitor, breaking the uncomfortable silence, "that when the worst is known about the Home Railway dividends, there will be a pretty general recovery."

"If not before then," added The Engineer.

"There's been a lot of heavy liquidation, though," The Broker remarked, "and it will take time for all the weak stock to become digested."

"The buyer would have to take up the stock and put it away, certainly," The Engineer agreed. "To my mind, Districts don't look at all a bad gamble."

"Investors won't buy Home Rails," said The City Editor indiscreetly.

"I have bought more Home Railway stock," The Broker answered him, "during the past ten days for small people than I bought in the preceding three months for the same class of investors."

The City Editor feebly suggested that his friend's was an exceptional case, but The Banker came along with unlooked-for reinforcement.

"Several other brokers have lately told me that their experience is similar," he observed.

"Go and learn to drive a taxi-cab instead of a quill, old man," was The Jobber's patronising counsel. "It's a much healthier life. For everybody."

What the newspapers describe as a "Scene in Court" was narrowly averted by The Merchant's complaint of business being so bad in Mincing Lane.

"Nobody seems able to understand it," he complained. "Any more than anyone can diagnose the cause of the Stock Exchange quietness."

"The Government—" began The City Editor impetuously, but The Jobber cut him short.

"'Ome, John!" he ordered, and the quotation was recognised with a shout of laughter, even the victim smiling.

"Bah! Who expects to be busy in the dog days?" cried The Engineer.

"Cats-and-dogs days would be more appropriate, considering the rain. One night there wasn't even a Kaffir Market in the street because of the deluge."

"Isn't much market in the House, let alone the street," replied The Broker. "Kaffirs are very much in the doldrums now."

"Likely to look up, think ye?"

The Broker shrugged his shoulders. "I see no immediate prospect," he answered. "The rise has petered out, and until the big people give prices another hoist, Kaffirs can't help keeping dull."

"There are a lot of dividends to come off in August," The City Editor reminded them. "Won't that help the market?"

"Possibly it might. Can't say. It all depends upon the big houses, as I've told you before. You remember that quaint little August boom in Kaffirs two or three years ago?"

Again there was a general, suffering silence.

"I picked up some stuff the other day"—The Engineer

pluckily broke the spell—"which is either worthless or will give me a good profit."

"So did I," The Broker said.

"Vanguard Preference?" inquired The Engineer, and laughed when The Broker nodded. "At two shillings a share they are an absolute gamble, a flutter, a fling. But you can't lose much."

"And may make a shilling a share," The Broker replied. "I don't like recommending them, because I've got the shares myself, and they're such a mere spec—"

"That you're afraid," The Jobber interrupted, "they may dwindle into still smaller specks."

"Requiring specs. to—"

The Jobber produced a whistle and blew it three times.

THE STANDARD TEA COMPANY OF CEYLON.

There are signs that during the current season prices will be more favourable for the higher-priced teas, and less favourable for the commoner grades. This is the reverse of the conditions which have prevailed during the last two seasons. Most of your readers are no doubt aware that the market always moves in this way, the reason, of course, being that when common tea is comparatively dear blenders cannot afford to pay a high price for the better-class teas, but when the poorer class of tea is cheap the demand for the better-grade tea increases, and the price rises. In making investments in Tea Company shares it is always well to bear this fact in mind, and to ascertain whether any particular Company produces high-class or common tea. In Ceylon the better class of tea can only be produced in the comparatively limited higher ground of the island, the common tea and rubber being grown in the low country. As I have mentioned before, there is one Company—the Ceylon Tea Plantations Company—which can afford to disregard these fluctuations in price, for it has property in both districts, and produces both qualities of tea; and this is one of the reasons why I have frequently recommended its shares as the best and safest investment in the Tea share list. There is another Ceylon Company which has a record only second to the Ceylon Tea Plantations Company—namely, the *Standard Tea Company* of Ceylon, which I think your readers may find well worth their consideration. This Company has now paid 15 per cent. on its shares for fourteen years in succession, a record which I believe I am right in saying no other Tea Company except the Ceylon Tea Plantations can equal. The issued capital of the Company consists of 2050 shares of £10 each fully paid, and 6500 shares of £10 each on which £6 is paid up, and they are quoted at £24 and £12½ respectively. It will be seen that the fully paid shares return 6½ per cent. on the basis of a 15 per cent. dividend, and the partly paid shares £7 4s. As it is certain that the balance of £4 per share will only be called up if the directors should be able to acquire further ground on favourable terms, the £6 paid shares are the better investment. There are loans for £9000, and a reserve of £17,200, including £1400 placed to reserve this year. The Company's properties at the close of 1907 were 3643 acres, with 2526 acres of tea in full bearing. The Company has also a small interest in rubber. It is well and honestly managed, and its shares may be considered an excellent investment round about present prices.

P.S.—*Santa Fe Land* shares are being quietly picked up by investors, and at anything like present price are a very fine investment, certain to increase in value.

ROUND THE RAND.

We have received a most useful little book called "Round the Rand," written by Mr. J. W. Broomhead, and issued by the *Financial Times*. The work is exactly what numbers of our correspondents want, giving as it does the most recent results, the life of the various mines, the value and extent of their ore-reserves, and practically every detail necessary to form an estimate of the comparative value of each as a mining investment. With the aid of Mr. Broomhead's book and the daily paper the veriest amateur can determine the advisability of purchasing the shares of any of the Witwatersrand Companies, and we congratulate the author on providing the right thing at the right moment at the moderate price of 3s. 6d. net.

Saturday, July 18, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

QUERY.—We have made inquiries and think that no respectable inside broker would do the business you want.

GREENHORN ON SPEC.—Your letter is really absurd, and we refuse to recommend any mining shares as likely to double your money in twelve months. If we knew such shares as you describe we should buy all we could get and give up newspaper work. Waihi Grand Junction are not a bad spec.

E. A. C.—Thanks for card. We can add nothing to last week's answer.

FIELD OFFICER.—The bank would not be good enough for our money, and we strongly advise you not to entrust your own to its care.

C. B. H.—Your letter was answered on the 15th and the 17th inst.

TYNEDALE.—In dealing with A we think you would be safe to get your money, but tape prices are a dreadful handicap. We know nothing of B.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester, Gretchen's Pet should win the Town Welter and Ute the Wistow Hall Foal Plate. At Liverpool I fancy Wuffy for the Liverpool Cup and Bayardo for the Mersey Stakes. Other selections are: Molyneux Handicap, Gnome; St. George's Stakes, Tsu Shima; Liverpolitan Plate, Laveuse; Great Lancashire Stakes, Duke Michael; Knowsley Dinner Stakes, Elm Twig; Croxteth Plate, Maupas; Atlantic Stakes, Rhodora. At Windsor, the Eton Handicap may be won by King Duncan, and the July Handicap by Catapult. At Hurst Park, Water Jacket may win the Ford Plate, Sir Archibald the Duchess of York Plate, and Reality the Palace Handicap. For the Stewards' Cup, at Goodwood, I like St. Cyril or Woolley.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Aunt Maud." By Ernest Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards.)—"The Little Brown Brother." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Constable.)—"The Watchers of the Plains." By Ridgwell Cullum. (Chapman and Hall.)—"Lady Athlyne." By Bram Stoker. (Heinemann.)

THE psychological study of the young girl, unless she happens to be a minx called—for choice—Elizabeth, has been out of fashion lately. Heroines are preferred to be nearer to nine-and-thirty than nineteen; while their mental processes are elaborate and painful. Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow resuscitates the maiden we used to meet in Mrs. Hungerford's novels in the late 'eighties. Her long retirement has given her all the charm of novelty. Even he, however, is possibly a little shy of his subject, for though his story is about Irene, it takes its title from her Aunt Maud. Irene thinks the world of Aunt Maud, who is three-and-thirty and still beautiful; but she thinks the universe of Irene, which is a very proper frame of mind at her age. She goes to stay with the beloved aunt, and finds her in a "managing" mood, with plans matrimonial ready for immediate development. No Machiavellian subtleties about Aunt Maud: she divulges her project with promptitude and candour, and Irene meets her in a prettily receptive spirit. Aunt Maud believes that, granted propinquity, you can count upon the right people making the right match. She has found a nice young man, named Richard Camber, for her niece, and she has asked him down to stay. Her policy is rewarded with complete success, and this ingenious romance ends, after the usual meanderings of the course of true love, in matrimony.

"The Little Brown Brother" is a clever story, which covers untrodden ground—at least for English readers—in the Philippines. It has an excellent plot and some quite convincing characters, and their adventures culminate in a love affair with a happy ending; but the absorbing interest is not its romance, good though this undoubtedly is, but its foundation of fact. Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, the author, is a journalist who was agile enough to slip through the Government wire-fence during the Filipino revolt, and get to the front, where he heard and saw many things that were not advertised by the ruling party when it embarked on its next political campaign. We have been told before that the way things were managed from Manila was only one more illustration of the inability of a democracy to govern a dependent State with honesty. If our own politicians are not exactly altruists, neither, as we know, are their American brethren, and it was lucky for the latter that the people who suffered by their manipulation of a delicate affair were a long way off, and mostly inarticulate. One thinks of Lincoln's interference with the

Northern strategy in the first year of the War of Secession, and wonders why, when he learned wisdom and practised it, even his great example should be so soon forgotten by his countrymen.

We suppose Indian stories will never go out of favour so long as they are told with a snap, and as "The Watchers of the Plains" (Chapman and Hall) is a lively tale of settlers and Redskins it bids for a full measure of popularity. It is racy and full of hair-breadth 'scapes. It opens with a tragedy. Colonel and Mrs. Landon and their eleven-year-old daughter were travelling across the plains to visit the Colonel's brother when, by his villainous machinations, they were attacked by Indians. The parents were butchered: the child was rescued later by a young farmer, who took her home to be brought up by his adopted mother. She became a true frontier maiden, and when she grew up her beauty caused trouble, first to the farmer, Seth, who loved her with the knowledge that she belonged to another world than his, and then to the district generally, for the chief of the Indians tried to kidnap her, and failing, precipitated a bloody rising. It will be seen that all the ingredients for a first-class romance are well to the fore, and Mr. Ridgwell Cullum is no novice in the art of handling them. A book that inspires breathless interest is a book to recommend in the holiday season, and without doubt, "The Watchers of the Plains" is a yarn to hold you spellbound to the end.

If it had not been for benevolent coincidences, of which there are surely more to the square inch in "Lady Athlyne" than is quite normal even in works of light fiction, Mr. Bram Stoker's heroine would have been in a bad way. She had a joke with the Irish stewardess of the *Cryptic*, when she was crossing from New York to the British Isles, about a certain Lord Athlyne, whom Mrs. O'Brien, as an Irishwoman and his Lordship's foster-mother, set great store by. She was captivated by Miss Joy Ogilvie, who was evidently a bright and beautiful specimen of American girlhood, and she christened her, with a jocular meaning, the Countess of Athlyne. Joy took up the title in her young and high-spirited way, and must have used it a trifle wildly, for it came to Lord Athlyne's ears when he was a prisoner in Pretoria that there was somebody passing herself off as his wife. He returned to liberty with the notion of finding the impostor germinating in his mind, and a short experience of the reaction of peace brought it to fruition. The woman was reputed to be in New York: to New York, therefore, he departed, having prudently adopted an alias as cover behind which to stalk his prey. Here the coincidences begin to take shape and arrange themselves for his convenience. He found Joy, and he lost her; he found her again, and she became the Countess of Athlyne, which, of course, was inevitable from the beginning. It is a pleasant novel.

One of the most unique sights at

THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

PAVILION No. 62.

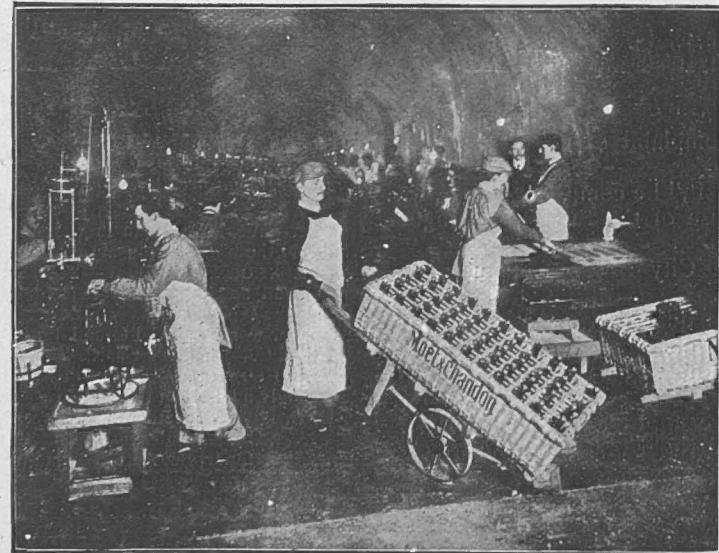
When the history of this really wonderful creation of Imre Kiralfy's has to be written, Moët & Chandon's Pavilion will probably stand out as one of the most unique in the group of marvellous displays.

The Pavilion is an elevation in the 18th Century style. Its situation adjoining the Royal Enclosure is a guarantee of its attractive features, and, midway between the Imperial Sports and the Garden Clubs, its position cannot be surpassed.

On the roof of the building, divided into two terraces, there is accommodation for a large number of people, from whence a beautiful view of the Exhibition grounds can be obtained, while the garden, divided from the Royal Enclosure with post and rails, is laid out with taste and simplicity.

On the ground floor is the Entrance Hall, which contains one of the Gems of the Exhibition—the Monumental Plan of Moët & Chandon's Establishment at Epernay, chiselled by hand out of solid blocks of plaster—also the two valuable oil paintings, "Dom Perignon (1638-1715)" by José Frappa, and "à la Santé du Chef," by François Brunier, which take a little time to thoroughly appreciate. In the former we see represented the Blind Monk, Dom Perignon, who was the first to discover the secret of making Champagne wine "sparkling." He is sitting down tasting the grapes of the various vineyards for the composition of the different "Cuvées" or "browns" to render them palatable for consumption.

We pass from the Outer Hall through a small apartment used as a cosy corner for writing, into a Régence salon, which is reserved for the distinguished guests who may honour the Firm with a visit. Here we notice the two "breezy" pictures by Clarin, "Les Grandes Manœuvres; terrestres et navales." They are thoroughly French and full of life. Thence we walk through casement windows into the Garden. Retracing our steps, we take a staircase into the basement, where the mystery of Champagne making astonishes our wondering eyes. We find a large cellar divided into various sections or dioramas.



VIEW OF THE GRAND "CHANTIER" AT MESSRS. MOËT & CHANDON'S PAVILION.

Moët & Chandon

Champagne.

A series of Wonderful Tableaux portraying the art and mystery of Champagne producing.

In the first is depicted the gathering of the grapes in the vineyards, with one of the vine-clad mountains of the Ay (Champagne) country in the distance, the sun of Eastern France shedding a glorious lustre over the scene. This is only one of Moët & Chandon's vineyards, of which they possess over 2500 acres at Ay, Bouzy, Cramant, Verzenay, &c. The size of the grapes, of the baskets they are placed in, and all other details, are here reproduced with proportionate exactitude. So faithful is the reproduction, that it is difficult to believe that one is not assisting at the actual gathering of the grapes, one of those delightful incidents connected with viticulture, which has never changed; primitive it is, primitive it will remain.

In Section No. 2, we observe the new wine in cask in the Cellier, tier after tier of Hogsheads being stowed away in thousands. Following on, we come to the important operation known as "remuage" or shaking the bottle. This operation is carried on daily for six weeks until all the deposit which the young wine throws, settles on to the cork. When this is completed, the deposit is frozen into a small solid block, and is removed from the bottle, the bottles standing "sur pointe," as it is locally termed, in racks until they are ready for the operation.

No. 4 Section contains a general view of one of the cellars with millions of bottles binned away, after the process of disgorging has taken place.

We then arrive at the pièce de résistance of the Show, the grand "Chantier," where the disgorging, final corking and wiring is proceeding. Note the clever perspective with the electric lights in the distance, the figures on the canvas, and those of wax, close to you, and you will realise what one of Moët & Chandon's cellars is like, as if you were in the Caves of Epernay.

After all is said or written, this Exhibit will prove an educational lesson for English people, few of whom realise the infinite anxiety and expense attached to producing their favourite beverage, "Champagne," "the foaming grape of Eastern France."